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POINT LOMA SCHOOL.

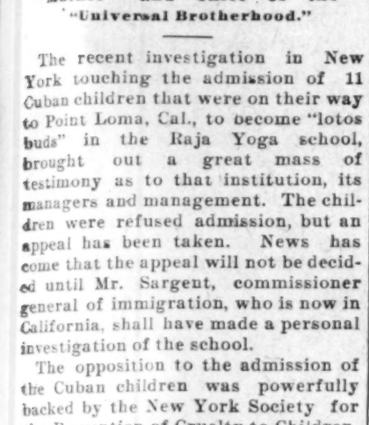
To Be Investigated by Commissioner of Immigration.

Serious Charges Made Against Mrs. Katharine C. Tingley, "Lotos Mother" and Chief of the "Universal Brotherhood."

The recent investigation in New York touching the admission of 11 Cuban children that were on their way to Point Loma, Cal., to become "lotos buds" in the Raja Yoga school, brought out a great mass of testimony as to that institution, its managers and management. The children were refused admission, but an appeal has been taken. News has come that the appeal will not be decided until Mr. Sargent, commissioner general of immigration, who is now in California, shall have made a personal investigation of the school.

The opposition to the admission of the Cuban children was powerfully backed by the New York Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, which had the assistance of a similar organization in San Francisco. A few evenings ago this society decided to try to wipe out of existence the school at Point Loma, and for that purpose has given the president, Judge Vernon M. Davis, and the counsel, Mr. Eldridge T. Gerry, unlimited powers to act for the purpose of breaking up the school and the Universal Brotherhood which is back of it.

The Universal Brotherhood and the Raja Yoga school have been before the public for several years. Much of their notoriety has been due to the efforts of John J. Bohn to obtain possession of his two children that were in the school. The institution is under the control of Mrs. Katharine C. Tingley, who is the founder of one of the new cults in which theosophy, sun worship, and some old Egyptian superstitions seem curiously blended. Mrs. Tingley is the Lotos Mother, and the children are lotos buds. The school is only one feature of the Point Loma settlement, where there are extensive



KATHARINE C. TINGLEY.
(Head of the "Universal Brotherhood" at Point Loma, Cal.)

buildings and grounds and where a number of adults are kept in close seclusion, engaged in the celebration of mysterious rites or any other employment to which they may be assigned by the management, which appears to be quite despotic. Mr. Bohn, whose wife was also in the settlement, succeeded in getting back his children, but not until he got a decision in his favor from the supreme court of California. The stories which they have told since they were released have contributed essentially to stimulate inquiry into the methods employed at Point Loma.

Dr. Mary E. Green, of Charlotte, Mich., is the mother of Mrs. John J. Bohn. She says that her daughter is either crazed or hypnotized by Mrs. Tingley, and took her two little boys there. The father was refused admittance, and so went into court to get his children. Meantime Mrs. Tingley struck back and struck hard. Under her direction, as Mrs. Green alleges, Mrs. Bohn brought three suits for divorce against her husband, naming her own mother as co-respondent. These were in Chicago courts, and were dismissed, but another has been brought in California. The fact that the care of the children was adjudged to Mr. Bohn appears to indicate that this charge against him and Mrs. Green was not supported.

These statements are ex parte, says the Louisville Courier-Journal, but the Point Loma school has been before the public for a good while, and it is certainly highly desirable that a full investigation should be made of the charges before more children are sent there to serve as a basis for asking a confiding public for contributions.

He Hated to Tell It.

At a recent school examination by the school board, an officious member intimated that he would give a certain class a lesson on "wool," relates a writer in the Scottish American. After lecturing to the children for a considerable time without any appearance of attention from the class, he stopped short and began questioning one dull-looking boy. "Well, my boy," said he, taking hold of the boy's jacket, "what is this jacket made of?" The boy, hanging down his head, remained silent. "Come, come, my boy," the member coaxingly said: "Don't you know what your jacket is made of?" With eyes still on the floor, the boy answered: "It was made oot o' ma faither's auld breeks."

Russians Are Night Owls.

Late hours are the rule in St. Petersburg. In the quarter devoted to hotels and theaters the streets are crowded with pedestrians far into the morning. Some of the theaters do not begin their performances until midnight.

A BRAVE FIGHT.

Attorney James H. Hayes Shows What He Can Do.

Attorney James H. Hayes of Richmond, Va., who has been leading the fight against the wholesale disfranchisement of his people in that state called to see the President on last Wednesday but received little consolation from him. The fight that is being made in the courts is to be commended and the colored people of this country should give him support. It is not talk with Mr. Hayes. He is doing some good work.

MUCH TO DO ABOUT NOTHING.

The Negro Too Easily Fooled.—He Jumps at Conclusions and Declares himself Because He is Weak.

THE BEE is pleased to know that the Editor of the New York *Age* has at last secured a job, also is pleased to know that Mr. Durham has been appointed. Mr. Durham was at one time Minister to Hayti and he made a good representative and received a good salary. Just why certain negro editors throughout the country should go into hysterics over these two small jobs THE BEE is at a loss to know. Some of them go as far as to say that the President made this appointment. Mr. Fortune is a special agent and Mr. Durham is an assistant attorney in the Spanish Claim Commission. A few of the so-called representative colored men and office holders get together to banquet Mr. Fortune whom it is claimed is a great negro journalist, and as an evidence of the esteem the party leaders have of his ability and by virtue of being a great negro editor he allows himself to be muzzled for a paltry position of special agent. Mr. Durham who received five thousand dollars per annum as Minister to Hayti and also a great negro journalist, has also been muzzled for a job paying little over two thousand dollars per annum. If this is what you call a recognition of negro journalism THE BEE must confess that the administration puts a very poor estimate upon negro editors. No, you will hear no more of Fortune and Durham. When the late Wm. McKinley was President negro manhood and ability was recognized, but Mr. Fortune didn't see in Mr. McKinley anything pure and honorable. He shuts his eyes now to the actions of men who if they dared could enforce the laws and the constitution.

The negro is easily satisfied and he makes much to do about nothing.

SAYS LILY WHITE PARTY WOULD HURT REPUBLICAN.

Negro Federal Office Holder Belives Movement Was Started for Patronage Purposes.—Mr. Green Does Not Think Roosevelt and Hanna Favor the Proposition.

From the Brooklyn Daily Eagle.

John P. Green, United State Postage Stamp Agent. The first colored man to fill the position says:

"I recollect well that just before the national committee met here prior to the Philadelphia national convention it was said that an effort would be made to have the national convention indorse the scheme to change the method of representation. The proposition was to have the delegates sent according to the number of Republican votes cast in each State. Of course the Republican vote in the South is very small, and, therefore, the representation from that section would be reduced almost to nothing if this plan were adopted. The late President McKinley was opposed to the proposition. He said he did not want a new issue injected into the approaching Presidential contest, and, upon the whole, felt obligated to a certain extent to the Republicans of the South because they had furnished to him the nucleus of his strength at a time when the favorite son idea was prevalent in the country. At the time when the different States were bringing forward their distinguished Republicans as candidates for the Presidential nomination the South came out for McKinley and gave him the start which afterward made him triumphant at St. Louis. Naturally McKinley felt grateful to the southern Republicans and opposed the scheme to cut down the representation in the conventions from the South.

"I met Mr. Henry C. Payne in the Arlington Hotel on the eve of the Republican National Committee meeting and remarked to him that blood was thicker than water. He asked me what I meant and I said: 'The negro of the North is not represented in national conventions. You never elect any negroes as delegates to conventions from the North, and the only representation they get is through the delegates from the South. If you eliminate them you cut us off from all racial representation in national conventions. If you remove the Southern Republicans you may displease the Northern negro Republicans, and so lose a good deal of their voting strength in some of the close districts in the North. Moreover, President McKinley does not approve of this thing at this time.'

"Mr. Payne said: 'If the President does not approve of it, why has he not said so to me?'

"I told Mr. Payne that if he had talked to the President about it he would find that he was opposed to the plan. He later did so, and the matter was abandoned. There is no disguising the fact that there is a very close bond of sympathy between the voters of the North and those of the South. I spent two and a half weeks stumping Representative Burton's district during the recent campaign. We have at least 3,000 negro voters in that district. It is a very close count and Mr. Hanna was very anxious to carry it. I found a man there named Smith, the editor of a Cleveland negro paper, who was advising the negro not to vote, laying the blame of the 'white man's party movement in North Carolina and Alabama on the President and Mr. Hanna. I combated this idea and maintained that the President did not favor the 'lily whites,' and that he stood where Lincoln and Grant stood on the negro question. I also told them that Mr. Hanna had not spoken on the subject at all. So we succeeded in keeping the greater part of the colored voters in line. If they had not stood loyally by the Republican party in that district we would have lost it. In other districts that were close we might have lost congressmen also."

"There is no doubt in my mind that much of this agitation is for strictly selfish purposes. It is merely a question of patronage, with the negroes eliminated the Lily Whites will get the appointments. I do not know that the President has expressed himself on this question, but I do not believe that he favors any movement that would take away any of the present rights of the colored voters. Senator Hanna has said nothing about it to me, but I know he does not favor it. He has long been the friend of the negro, not only in politics but in business.

A FIGHT FOR LIBERTY.

The Colored People's Wrongs—Lawyer Hayes to be Commended and Supported.

The fight that the colored people of the state of Virginia are doing to give them civil and political liberty, through Mr James H. Hayes is to be commended and it ought to be supported. Just within the last few months almost singnally and alone or perhaps with the assistance of a few other colored men in his state, Attorney James H. Haye of Richmond, Va. has collected enough money to test the constitutionality of the state constitution which has disfranchised so many of his fallen citizens. On the other hand the great? Afro-American Council, with, it is claimed, over 1,000,000 negroes behind it, but all on paper, but no doubt with an army of officers, has been collecting money for four or five years, with Booker T. Washington contributing, to test the constitutionality of the state constitution of Louisianna and which has not been tested as yet.

The Afro-American Council is a dead letter now. Mr. Fortune has been appointed and it is very doubtful whether you will hear any thing more of this bunka organization. You will hear no more protests against republican administrations; you will read no more condemnations of party leaders and neither will you read any more fire brand speeches against republican Presidents. The Afro American Council is a thing of the past now. There will be no more stings from the mouths of the political wasps because their stingers have been filed and their ends made blunt.

The Colored Citizens of the state of Virginia are doing a great work. The people of the country should support them. There is not a better or a nobler man to be found than Attorney James H. Hayes who is pushing the movement.

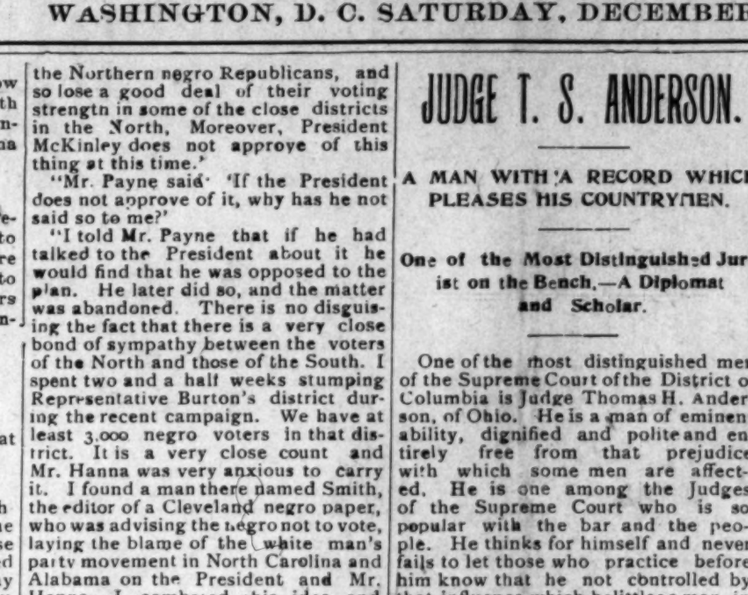
JUDGE T. S. ANDERSON.

A MAN WITH A RECORD WHICH PLEASES HIS COUNTRYMEN.

One of the Most Distinguished Jurist on the Bench.—A Diplomat and Scholar.

One of the most distinguished men of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia is Judge Thomas H. Anderson, of Ohio. He is a man of eminent ability, dignified and polite and entirely free from that prejudice with which some men are affected. He is one among the Judges of the Supreme Court who is so popular with the bar and the people. He thinks for himself and never fails to let those who practice before him know that he not controlled by that influence which belittles a man in the estimation of his fellow man.

His appointment was made by President McKinley last April without solicitation from Judge Anderson or his friends, and grew out of the judge's splendid record as United States district attorney for the District of Columbia from Oct. 4, 1899, when he entered upon the duties of that office, till his



JUDGE THOMAS H. ANDERSON.

promotion to the justiceship. During fifteen months Mr. Anderson prosecut 24 murder cases, securing convictions in 21 of them and greatly systematized the work of the office. When he accepted the appointment to the justiceship Judge Anderson left the work in the prosecutor's office up to date, which for years had been far behind. In fact his service there was without a parallel among the United States district attorneys of the country.

Judge Thomas H. Anderson was born in Belmont county, O., of Scotch-English-ancestry. His boyhood was spent upon his father's farm, where he did his full share of hard work during the summer months, and, like other farm lads, attended the common schools during the winter. He was educated in the winter. He was educated in the common and select schools of his county and at Mt. Union college.

After leaving college he taught for a short time in the schools of Belmont and Guernsey counties, when he became principal of the Cambridge High school, which position he held until the fall of 1870, when he resigned to complete his law studies. In June, 1871, he was admitted to the bar at Mt. Vernon, O., and entered upon the practice of his profession at Cambridge in partership with his preceptor, Hon. J. D. Taylor, afterward a member of Congress. He took high rank almost immediately and soon found himself launched in a large and lucrative practice in the state and federal courts. Upon the election of Mr. Taylor to Congress in 1883 Mr. Anderson succeeded to the entire practice of the firm, which he not only retained, but largely increased. He contined in practice at Cambridge until 1893, when he removed to Washington, D. C.

During the four years that former Secretary of the Treasury Foster was Governor of Ohio Mr. Anderson served on his military staff with the rank of general. In 1887 he was a prominent candidate for attorney general of Ohio, and in 1889 was appointed by President Harrison as resident and consul general to Bolivia. At that time he was chairman of the Republican executive committees of his county and Congressional district, a member of the Republican state executive committee, a member of the city council and school board of Cambridge, and president of a number of corporations, besides holding other positions of trust and honor.

Congress having advanced the rank of the Bolivia mission in 1890, President Harrison appointed Judge Anderson envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of the United States to that republic, which position he filled with marked ability. While residing in South America he made many valuable reports to the government on the resources, industries and trade relations of Spanish-American, and at the request of Mr. Blaine, then Secretary of State, wrote the "Handbook of Bolivia," published by the bureau of American republics in 1893, and distributed throughout the United States and Central and South America.

Judge Anderson has always taken an active interest in public affairs, and there are few men who have a larger personal aquaintance with men in public life than he, and a fewer still whose friends are as warm and devoted. He is an eloquent and experienced public speaker, and until appointed to the bench had been prominent on the stump in every political campaign during the past 25 years. By reason of his ability as a speaker and the knowledge gained by him while a resident of the free-silver countries of South America, he was in wide demand during the presidential campaigns 1896 and 1900; speaking throughout West Virginia, Ohio, Maryland and other sections of the country.

Before his appointment as Judge he was prominently connected with a number of financial institutions and has an enviable record as a citizen, diplomat, business man and lawyer.

THEY FOLLOW THE FOOL.

Position Changes some People's opinion.

The Bee is in possession of several amusing things on the part of certain representative colored men who claim to have some sense, but, they have fully demonstraisd their political weakness.

About three years ago when Mr. Fortune came to the city and was invited to make a speech, which he did, after which a report was circulated that Major Sylvester had been requestes to arrest him because he excited riot or rather was anarchistic in his tendency. Many of the men who banquetted last week were among those who declared that Mr. Fortune was a fool and has always been one. Many of these men are known and so Mr. Fortune to the surprise of The Bee those who declared Mr. Fortune was a fool were the loudest in their praise of him hnd his good sense.

The so-called intelligent negro more often proves himself a fool than the most ignorant negro. Mr. Fortune has been appointed to an office and those who have offices and those who want offices and those who expect offices who attended this banquet to Mr. Fortune don't think he is a fool now.

SENATOR HANNA.

The Political Nester Will not retire. He Will Lead the Fight in 1904.

There has been a great deal said about the retirement of Senator M. A. Hanna. There is no man in the United States more loved by the laboring man and the people than Hon. M. A. Hanna. It has been going the rounds of the press for some time that he would retire from the Senate and as Chairman of the National Republican Committee. Why should he retire, when the people of this country want him? Have the people aid that they wanted him to retire? Has any member of the National republican committee said that he wants another Chairman? Have the people declared in National conventions that they don't want him for president or some other man? The opinion of THE BEE is that Senator Hanna will be an important factor in 1904. There is no reason to doubt it. He is loved, honored and respected by the people.

One Day Up and Another Down.

If the politicians know where they stand it is more than what The Bee can tell them. One day the Wizzard of Tuskegee is on top and the next day his pins are knocked from under him. The lily white flourished for a season when it was thought that they would win. The moment they lost everybody cleared from under and declared that they had nothing to do with them. Senator Pritchard was as big man before the lily whites were defeated, today he must shoulder the responbility.

Just where the politicians stand The Bee would like to know.

Jewel Presentation.

November 20th the Hall Association of the G. U. O. of O. F., of the District of Columbia offered a prize to the best drilled Patriarchie in the District of Columbia of the two viz: Washington No. 18, Capt. W. P. Gray and George town No. 42 Capt. Beckett. The prize consisting of a Past Most Veniable Patriarchi Jewel value $25 00. These two Patriachies were to compete for the jewel and championship of the District of Columbia. No. 42 failed to put in its appearance. Patriarchie No. 18, put up an excellent drill and they were awarded the jewel as the champions. The jewel was presented to Capt W. P. Gray, by Mrs. M. L. Parker, the Most Noble Governer of Grand Household of Ruth of the District of Columbia in a neat speech which was responded to by Capt. W. P. Gray on behalf of the Patriarchie in another. Those present enjoyed the occasion.

If This Be True.

The Colored American speaks of "Theodore Roosevelt, the most popular and the most courageous president since Abraham Lincoln." If this be true, surely he has come to the kingdom at the right time.—Nashville "Clarion"

BAILEY SEEKS WIFE.

Made a Bet to Marry If Elected Governor of Kansas.

Chicago Friends Recall His Courtship in Illinois Twenty Years Ago—Was Jilted by a Girl He Loved Dearly.

Chicago classmates of Gov.-elect Willis J. Bailey, of Kansas, when he was attending the University of Illinois at Champaign away back in the early '80s, have recalled a college love affair of the first gentleman of Kansas that, in their minds, at least, explains why he has never become a benedict, and makes it fair to presume that when he does seek a wife he will give Illinois a wide berth.

Mr. Bailey, it seems, fell in love during his freshman year with a very pretty and likewise very charming co-ed, and soon the brawny young Kansan was her devoted slave. All during his college course he was a most attentive Lothario, and the young woman seemed to reciprocate his affection. It is said that before Bailey graduated their troth had been plighted. He went back to Kansas to his father's ranch, and the young woman remained at the university to finish her education. All during the vacation after his graduation the two lovers corresponded voluminously.

But when the fall term began a new star dawned upon the vision of the young co-ed. Another young chap, not so handsome as Bailey, but with the advantage of being on the ground, courted her assiduously. She gave her heart to him, and wrote Bailey a letter that made him swear, it is said, never again to trust a woman. An invitation to the wedding of his erstwhile fiancee and his successful rival followed shortly afterward. The couple now live in

HON. WILLIS J. BAILEY.
(Governor-Elect of Kansas Who Seeks a Congenial Wife.)

Florida, where the husband is a successful railroad man.

Since he was jilted by this fickle little co-ed Mr. Bailey has had no eyes for womankind. But of late years he is said to have softened his heart. At any rate, he made an ante-election bet that if he was made governor of Kansas he would choose a helpmate. And his Chicago friends and classmates say that he will keep his word, but they fear that he still smarts from the jilting of the co-ed, and will pass Illinois by when he goes wife hunting.

Whether the memory of the sting left by the announcement of the marriage is still fresh in the mind of the western state executive is a question that has presented itself to a number of Chicagoans by the failure of Gov. Bailey to find a wife in Kansas to suit him.

Although the winner of the matrimonial election bet, who originally stipulated that he must marry a Kansas woman, has waived that condition and the governor is free to choose from any state in the union, he still reports that he cannot find a wife to be mistress of the $70,000 executive mansion.

Whether, remembering the past, he really wants to get married is the question.

To this George L. Douglass, a Chicago lawyer with an office in the Association building, who was speaker in the Kansas legislature in 1889 while Mr. Bailey was a representative, makes the following defense of Gov. Bailey:

"If Willis Bailey made a bet that he would marry if elected he will marry—that is all. He is a man of his word and would go through fire and water to keep it. Of course, the story of the bet may all be made out of whole cloth. But I knew him in Kansas and saw him lift himself from stock raising to statesmanship. I never knew him to fail to make good a promise."

Gov. Bailey is known to many Chicagoans. He was the guest of honor at a Kansas reunion at the Union League club when he came to the city as a delegate to the trust conference.

A description of the man who is seeking a wife with an unlimited field to choose from is given as follows by his admirers here:

They Say.

What has become of the Maryland negro democrats.

It looks like Judge Gould.

The democratic party will teach the republicans civil service reform if they ever get in power.

Recorder J. C. Dancy is making a good record.

Judge Bundy of the Police Court is the right man in the right place.

There is a great deal that could be said of the election.

What has become of Booker T. Washington's leadership.

Some people imagine that office makes them leaders.

The self constituted committee that went to Oyster Bay, Terrell and McKinley, ought to suggest to the President that self constituted eadership should be recognized.

There are times in the affairs of men that lead to destruction.

The negro Tammany of New York is not what it used to be.

Ex-Chief Lee is spoken of as a man of news.

They all can now see how important it is to have the leadership of Lee.

The sons of New York have disbanded.

The negro Justice of the Peace who is interfering with the business of the lawyers will be investigated by the Attorney General.

He should attend to the business of his office and allow people to select whatever lawyer they want.

Old bachelors are like some old maids, they can see nothing good in the vi[illegible]

While peop e are meddling with other peoples' busines they lose what they have.

The democratic party hasn't sense enough to secure the negro vote.

Mr. Bryan was not consulted in the last election.

Now that the lily white party South has failed what will it do next.

There is no solidity to a bombastic show.

It is not the man who knows it all, that will tell it.

Jerry Brown is in Ohio doing well. He is a hustler.

Senator Hanna is a man of nerve and when he tells you anything you can depend on it.

If the southern republicans, permit themselves to be reduced, they haven't very much nerve.

Vice Chairman Payne has a load upon his shoulders.

The fault is with the republican Congress.

Reduce the representation in Congress and then you will have no trouble with republican delegates from the South

There will not be many more southern democrats appointed.

Booker T. Washington knows how to make office seekers dance.

It is best that you don't express your opinion until you have been informed of both sides.

The New York democrats have been encouraged.

The recent election in that State is no indication that the democrats will win in 1904.

Tom Johnson in Ohio is now a very small man.

He bit off more than he could chew.

He reached too far and lost his grasp.

ROOSTER STOPS TRAIN.

An Incident That Everybody Enjoyed Except the Conductor Who Was Indignant.

Funnier things happen in real life than the mind of man ever conceives.

A story comes from Dunkirk, on the Lake Shore railroad, about a rooster holding up an express train, that is full of the genuine spirit of fun.

It is told by Prof. George T. Powell, director of the agricultural school at Briarcliff, N. Y., who is one of the best-known lecturers and agriculturists in that part of the country.

He tells it as follows:

"I boarded a fast Chicago express

THE ROOSTER FLEW UP.

at Dunkirk, which made no stops from there to Buffalo.

"There were many passengers in the car, and nearly all were asleep.

"Being very tired, I took a seat, leaned back and had just fallen into a doze, when I was awakened by the loud chuckle of a rooster.

"The rooster strutted wonderingly up the aisle until he came to a large, portly man, who was leaning back, with legs crossed, one knee as high as his head and still asleep.

"He took only one look and then flew up, alighting on the conspicuous knee.

"At this juncture everyone else in the car became intensely interested, and nearly all the passengers were on their feet, anxious to see what the man would do when he awoke.

"It needed only one more sound from the rooster before the stout man opened his eyes, and with a sudden start backward he threw up his hands, in astonishment, while roars of laughter came from every part of the car.

"This excitement was too much for the rooster, and with one jump he flew up on the bell rope which sagged down under his weight, and the Chicago express, thundering along at 50 miles an hour, come to such a sudden stop that many passengers were thrown from their feet in a confused muddle.

"The train had no more than came to a stop when an irate conductor came hurriedly into the car and demanded who had stopped the train.

"By that time the owner of the rooster had awakened, and, taking in the situation, reached up and gathered in the wandering bird restoring him to the bag from which he had escaped and which contained two more fowls that had not found their way out.

"The merriment was too great for any sleep from there to Buffalo.

"A man from Chicago who stopped at the hotel with me, said: 'I have been traveling for 30 years, and that is by far the funniest incident I ever saw.'"

BELIEVED IN DESTINY.

Sergeant Carried a Gun to Prove Absolute Truth of His Faith in Either Case.

London papers tell this story of a sergeant of a company of British infantry quartered in a Dacoit-infested part of Burma, a few years ago who

SLIPPED GUN IN HIS POCKET.

was a firm believer in destiny. No amount of argument with his more skeptical comrades could shake his belief in the slightest, he invariably closing the controversies with the rather illogical assertion that "When a man's last day comes, it comes."

One evening, when dressing preparatory to taking a stroll in the jungle, he was noticed by a corporal, a persistent opponent of the destiny theory, to quietly slip a revolver into his pocket.

"Halloa!" shouted the corporal, who saw a chance of ridiculing the sergeant, "what are you taking the revolver with you for? That won't save you if your time has come."

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EXPELLED BY SNAKES.

Wisconsin Farmer Obliged to Demolish Dwelling That Harbored Too Many Rattlers.

Terrified and discouraged by the presence of numerous rattlesnakes, Muns Helgerson, a farmer, who lived with his family in an out of the way place in the town of Seneca, Wis., has torn down his new residence, erected two years ago, and moved back into his old home, half a mile away.

The new house had hardly been completed in the spring of the year when the presence of rattlers was noticed, and as fast as found they were dispatched. With the approach of summer, however, their numbers in-

AN UGLY BEDFELLOW.

creased, and the household was greatly alarmed. Occasionally a snake would get into the house, although no one was bitten.

One evening recently, as the family were retiring for the night, the mother found a large snake lying on the bed. On another occasion in midday, while she was rocking the baby to sleep, the house cat gave an alarm, and a snake with 16 rattles, coiled up ready to strike, lay under the woman's chair. They were in the cellar daily, and could be heard climbing between the walls and on the ceiling overhead.

Last summer the family could stand it no longer, and as soon as spring opened moved to the old home on the other side of the farm, but returned in the fall.

A rattlesnake den this spring was found in a sort of cave under the house, and although hundreds of reptiles have been killed around the door yard they seemed to be as numerous as ever, and Mr. Helgerson decided to demolish the dwelling and rebuild near the site of the old house.

GIRLS FIGHT A DUEL.

They Met in the Bois and Fought with Stilettos Until One Was Mortally Wounded.

According to the Paris correspondent of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat one of King Leopold's ballet girl friends, Gabrielle Fisson, known on the stage as Nana, fought a regular duel with her rival, Victorine Giot, who calls herself La Marquise. Both girls were in love with the same man, but this time it wasn't a case of revenue, for Leon Bournon, though a society man, has only an income of 500 francs per month. All the girls worship him for his shape and his mustache. The two women met on one of the boulevards and addressed each other in about the same words: "Thou lovest

"THOU LOVEST LEON."

Leon. I love him also. He can belong only to one of us. Hence, we must fight." After the theater Nana sent a male friend to La Marquise to arrange the meeting. As La Marquise had her seconds ready, they quickly came to an understanding. Meeting place—a corner in the Bois, where Count Boni and other hot-heads usually exploit their "affairs." Time—six next morning. Weapons—stilettos. Dress—naked to the waist, save silk corset cover or linen shift. No corsets. The duel came off as provided and lasted 90 seconds by the watch. It ended when La Marquise stumbled to the ground, with a jagged wound in her left breast. At the same moment mounted police agents appeared on the scene. The manager of the Folies, where the girls are engaged, had given the information. Nana allowed herself to be hustled off into a carriage, but the weapon was forced from her hand only after a struggle. Even then she begged that the blood of her enemy might be wiped off on her handkerchief as a souvenir. La Marquise will die. As the duel was arranged with all due formalities, seconds, physicians, etc., Nana will probably get off with a few months. "Never mind," she says; "when I come out I will have Leon."

HONESTY IS REWARDED.

Chicago Woman Gives a Whole Dime to the Man Who Returned $40,118 to Her.

A Chicago woman lost a bag containing papers and currency valued at $40,118 the other afternoon and when they were returned to her she rewarded the finder with $00,000.10. He was unable to reply or to learn her name before she hurried away, but later he recovered from the shock and placed the dime in a gilded frame.

The woman who lost the bag was nervous, middle-aged and dressed in black. She left the bag on a seat in a South Side elevated car. It con-

GAVE HIM A DIME.

tained $118 in cash, besides mortgages amounting to $40,000. The man who found it was Charles A. Stuckrath, a guard on the Union loop at Madison street and Fifth avenue.

At five o'clock in the afternoon Stuckrath, passing through the car, espied the portemonnaie and picked it up. When he saw what was in it he notified the officials of the road. About six o'clock the owner of the lost property entered the general offices of the Union loop in the Fisher building and excitedly told of her loss. She was referred to Stuckrath and hurried to his station.

"I think it may be yours, madam," said the guard when she had described her loss, "but you must first identify it."

"It is mine! Oh, I'm so glad!" she said when she had proved ownership.

Then she took a tight grip of the bag, calmly opened it and carefully selecting a dime from within its folds gave the coin to the guard.

TRIED TO STARVE SNAKE

But It Crawled from Its Prison, Hale and Hearty, After a Lapse of 18 Months.

"The man who tries to starve a snake to death is in a bad way," said a man who has had some experience in dealing with reptiles, "and I happen to know what I am talking about, because of a little thing that happened to me a number of years ago. There is really no telling how long a snake can go without food. It is estimated that a horse can live 25 days without solid food. A horse will live on water for that length of time. Bears can live six months without food. They generally live through the winter months by sucking their paw. Of course, they

A LIVELY SNAKE CORPSE.

have some food on hand, and they slip out to get what they can, but the main sustenance of the bear is the accumulated flesh of the summer. But I am inclined to believe that the snake can hold the record when it comes to doing without food. I had an experience a few years ago which convinced me of this fact. I caught a rattlesnake in my henhouse in the southeastern part of Arkansas, and happened to catch him so that he could not get out. There was a good-sized rat hole in the place, and he darted into this as a last resort. I stopped the hole so the snake could not get out, and for the purpose of starving the reptile to death. I never thought anything more about the snake until more than 18 months after that, when I had occasion to make some repairs about the place. It was necessary to do some excavating. I was simply startled to find a short distance below the surface the snake I had sought to starve to death. He was a little lank, and was not very active. But he was still alive. I felt sorry for the reptilian, and would not kill him, allowing him to crawl away. Since that time I have been convinced that a snake could do without food for a considerable length of time, and the claim that they can go 21 months does not startle me at all."

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BULL FOUGHT WELL.

Beats Off and Kills Two Marauding Alligators.

Third Saurian Tries to Make Off with a Calf, But Is Defeated by Jim Carew—A Fight Worth Seeing.

Jim Carew, who lives ten miles above Fort Bassinger, Fla., on the river, has some fine cattle, and the best of the lot he pastures in an inclosed pen near the river. There were four cows, a bull and two calves in the lot the other morning when, hearing a terrible din, he trotted out with his gun to see what ailed his pets. Three 'gators had managed to get into the inclosure from the river side, and while one was stalking a calf that he had managed to get to the water's edge, the other two were fighting the enraged cattle.

'Gator No. 1, the biggest of the lot and an ugly customer, was fighting the bull while No. 2 was trying to keep out of the way of the frequent and furious rushes of the cows. No. 3 had the calf in charge. It was bleating loudly and this served to infuriate the cattle

The fight between the bull and his antagonist was a furious and bloody one The bull charged up to the saurian, when the latter nimbly darted aside and gave the bovine a terrible blow with its tail that staggered him. With a loud bellow of rage the bull turned quickly and with good luck hooked the 'gator on the side, half turning him over. The saurian raged and bellowed and finally managed to get loose. He then struck the bull again a sounding whack, half knocking him down. Following this he darted up and caught the bull with his jaws on the nose The bull bellowed with pain and stamped on the 'gator's head For a few minutes they plunged around and then the bull got loose. With more caution he plunged at the 'gator and managed to gore him badly, partly ripping his side open. The 'gator had enough now and tried to crawl away, but the bull kept on pushing and goring till the 'gator was near-

TUGGING AWAY AT THE CALF.

ly dead. He then jumped on the bloody carcass, furiously stamping on it till it was a shapeless mass.

Meanwhile the cows were having a hard time with No 2. But they managed things differently and had affairs more their own way. They ran toward the 'gator and, watching their chance, jumped on him. This was done repeatedly and the 'gator did not get a chance hardly to strike back. One cow ventured too close and the 'gator's long tail came around with a thud and struck her fairly on the side, sending her a dozen feet. The others, enraged by this, followed their charges by trying to gore the 'gator. He kept out of their way by striking at them and trying to seize their noses in his jaws. One cow was caught by this means and half thrown. As she stood there trembling and moaning with pain, the bull, who had just finished his victim, heard her. He came up with a roar and with the utmost fury pitched at the 'gator. The wily saurian heard him coming and had turned half around when the bull caught him on his horns, half lifting him from the ground. The 'gator clawed and bit at its antagonist and the fight for several minutes was a warm and bloody one. Finally the bull triumphed and got the 'gator under his feet, when he trampled him to death.

No. 3 was all this time trying to get the calf into deep water, but the little fellow was fighting as well as he could and bleating loudly. The 'gator had gotten him into two feet of water when Mr. Carew appeared on the scene. He drew his gun and killed No. 3.

'Gators seldom venture into a herd, says the New York Sun, but will take young cattle and calves from the water's side. These 'gators must have been very hungry, Mr. Carew thinks, to venture a fight as they did with the grown cattle.

Killed by Barbecue Hash.

A plate of hash proved more deadly to Alfred Hobgood than four years' experience as a soldier during the war of the rebellion. He was present at the recent confederate reunion in Dallas, Tex., and regaled himself with a breakfast, the chief dish of which was hash. It chanced to have in it a piece of shoestring with a brass tip at the end. The brass tip caused a fatal attack of blood poisoning.

Where Is Your Share?

If the earth were equally divided among its inhabitants, each person's share would be about 23½ acres.

BABOON'S FALSE TEETH.

"Mr. Dooley," Who Lost His Own Is Trying to Eat an Iron Bar, Fitted with New Set.

"Mr. Dooley has a new set of front teeth. He is an Asiatic baboon in the zoological garden in Philadelphia, and, as his name indicates, is a philosopher. When a dentist went poking about in his jaws the other day he did not howl, but faced the ordeal with stoicism. One reason of this may have been that he had a dose of ether before the operation.

"Mr. Dooley" was not philosophical enough to know iron from gum when a mischevious boy handed a small bar

TRIED TO CHEW IRON BAR.

of metal into his cage. The monkey seized it and tried to chew it. The result was disastrous to his front teeth, which were broken off short.

As the monkey is a valuable specimen it was decided that the broken teeth should be replaced. A dentist who makes a specialty of caring for the jaws of animals first took a plaster of paris impression of "Mr. Dooley's" maxillaries, and had the false set all ready for insertion. When "Mr. Dooley" recovered his senses at the end of half an hour he at first made frantic efforts to pull out the strange things that he felt in his mouth, but he soon desisted when he found that he could not budge them, and he is now reconciled.

The monkey's false teeth are much like human teeth, but are made sharper on the crowns in order to enable the baboon to crack nuts and masticate all kinds of food.

COFFEE BAG DRESS.

Queer Raiment of a Woman Offender Makes a Philadelphia Magistrate Blush.

Magistrate O'Brien, of Philadelphia, Pa., one of the most dignified of the minor judiciary, was more than shocked at the Ninth district police station the other day when a woman was brought out in raiment that was more than deshabille. Her garments consisted of two coffee bags, cut a la Filipino.

The woman was Ellen Reed, who was found the night before lying in the gutter in a drenching rain. She was taken to the station house, where the matron kindly undressed her, but had no dry clothing for her. A search through the station house resulted in the production of two empty bags as the only pieces of clothing fit for a woman to wear. The matron concocted from the two bags a tailor-made suit that would startle even a

A NOVEL TAILOR-MADE.

Fiji island native, and even the police blushed when the woman was brought from her cell for a hearing. In one of the bags three holes had been cut, one for the head and one at each corner for the arms. This was then slipped over Ellen's head. In the other bag two holes had been cut, one in each corner. Her legs were slipped through these holes and her raiment was complete. When Magistrate O'Brien saw this startling apparition he promptly sent her home for more proper garments.

Draws Diminutive Salary.

The man who draws the smallest salary from Uncle Sam is Charles Henry Gibbs, keeper of the "bug lighthouse" at Nantucket, Mass. Old mariners called it the "bug" because its dim illumination resembled a firefly in the distance. Gibbs merely lives there and draws a yearly salary of $1. For 20 years the light has not been displayed.

Rebuked for His Meanness.

A Brooklyn man had a spat with his wife, and she deserted him. He offered a reward of ten cents for information regarding her whereabouts. The small reward made her indignant, and she returned two days later, to renew the spat, and "have it out with the mean fellow."

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The President's Message.

The message of President Roosevelt to Congress on last Tuesday covered many points that interest the people of the United States. The message was a remarkable state document. The interest of the negro was passed unnoticed, but the trusts, and the Indians were fully discussed, although he had called a special conference on that question some time ago. He emphasized the question in his message. The question may be asked, if he didn't in the Crum letter define his position on the negro question. That may be all true enough, but the time has come for the negro to look after things more important than the emoluments of office. Human rights, civil and political freedom are more important to the negro than a few second class office, such as have been dished out to represent ten millions of negroes. It was just as important for the President to emphasize the negro question in his message as it was the coal strike. Every nationality except the negro has been an impediment to American industries, but yet no opportunity has ever escaped a president to make a recommendation to Congress in his interest. It looked very much like the President meant that in his reply to that southern gentleman in the Crum case should satisfy ten millions of negroes that they needed no special reference in his message to Congress. THE BEE is not so easily satisfied as many of its contemporaries and neither will it be hoodwinked like many of them because the President has declared that he will not draw the color line in the appointment of men to office. His letter in the Crum case is good as far as it goes. But THE BEE wants the President to know that ten millions of Colored Americans want him to recommend to Congress the passage of such laws as will protect them. In his recent message to Congress, he made no reference whatever to the political disfranchisement of the negro in certain southern states. What benefit are the four officers to which the President referred a few days ago, to the negro? Will those few officers protect ten millions of negroes their civil or political rights? Will those four officers set aside the disfranchisement of the diabolical laws that have been adopted in the states of Virginia, Alabama, Georgia, North and South Carolina and many other southern states? The disfranchisement of the negro is more dangerous to this republic than the trusts, more injurious than the tariff; and more important to the negro and Congress than the president's reference to the no merit system for the District government.

All of these questions except the disfranchisement of the faithful black allies, had honorable mention in his recent message to Congress.

Senator Pritchard.

The senator from North Carolina, Mr. Pritchard from newspaper reports had a talk with President Roosevelt a few days ago and when he left the White House, he said he had a satisfactory interview with the President and that he had nothing to retract that the white man's party in the south of which he is the leader and Champion, will continue to grow. Let the negroes in the north take heed and before they have too much jubilation watch the face of the clock.

Senator Pritchard would have the country to believe that he was only healing. THE BEE some time ago said that his illegal scheme would be defeated and then he would come out in a little statement to the effect that the negro who attended ther Goldsboro convention were not elected. If the negroes of this country will allow themselves to be hoodwinked by Senator Pritchard's subterfuge they are bigger fools than what all believe they are. His letter contains political lies and nothing more and the negroes of this country will not believe anythieg he has said and again President Roosevelt cannot afford recognize Mr. Pritchard, neither can the republican party afford to coutenance him. It is either a repudiation of Mr. Pritchard by the republican party or a loss of the entire negro vote for 1904. So if Mr. Roosevelt or any one else expecrs to retain the northern republican vote Mr. Pritchard is to be repudiated.

A Leader? Reflect.

Speaking of the necessity for a National Negro as the Washington, D. C. Bee seemed to advocate the *Conservator* two weeks ago after quoting the Bee's remarks said:

The idea that the American Negro needs a national leader in a sense in which other people of this nation do not need one is absurd and a reflection on the race, and the assertion that he can not trust himself is unworthy of a great paper like the Bee and does great injustice to the evident push and thrift of the Afro-Americans.

To this the Bee made this reply:

Our esteemed contemporary must admit that the negro leader of today is a political necessity. Is it not a fact? Booker Washington has supplanted the men in the South who assisted to make and unmake Presidents? His indorsements are taken in preference to men who will be delegates to the next National Convention.

To which the *Conservator* would say that it has never denied the necessity for political, society, social and organization leadership of any kind. Leaders for such things are recognized as a necessity among all people. But these must be limited to territorial and organization limits. For several reasons no person can be the national political leader of the negro and no thoughtful person has ever regarded Mr. Washington as a political leader of any kind to say nothing of a national political leader. It is said Mr. Washington has the President's ear but at that he has no authority and probably does not speak for other Negroes besides himself.

The *Conservtor* agrees with the Bee in its contention that the old line of southern white Republicans constituted one of the most noblest and self-sacrificing class of Republicans this country ever knew and of Mr. Washington is using his influence with the president to kill off and ignore the remaining few of this class of heroic men he represents and his race as being very ungrateful. But of this the Conservator has spoken too often to repeat it now.

The Chicago *Conservator* one among the leading journals in the West agrees with THE BEE to some extent. We desire to ask our able contemporary whether it is possible for the negroes to have leaders. Has there been one since Douglass who had the manhood and the conrage to attack administrative powers when they commit wrongs? Have we any now? If so name one who has been declared a leader that has attacked the enemies of the negro in recent events. We don't mean such journals as the *Consevator*, The Indianapolis *World*, The Boston *Guardian*, The *Times Speaker*, of Denver, Col., and perhaps one or two others. Some men think that their appointment to office make them leaders. Many of them have been draw backs instead of benefits. A leader! Let us reflect.

District Representation.

The bill introduced in the Senate on Tuesday by Senator Gallenger of New Hampshire, giving representation in Congress to the District of Columbia is the right step in the right direction. Senator Gallenger knows the needs of the people in this city and to have a representatives elected by the people, is better than allowing the entire power of the government to remain in the hands of three men, who have autocratic power. What the District Commissioners ought to do is to recommend the passage of the bill.

Senator Pritchard should have kept quiet.

Sufferage in the District of Columbia is what the people want.

The colored republicans in the North are about to cut their eye teeth.

The Republicans may fool some people but they can't fool all the people.

The negroes of this country want something else more important than a few offices.

The District Bar Association will some time have enough influence to name its men.

Senator Pritchard who lead the lily white party in the South would have done better to have said nothing.

The District of Columbia is too good to exist. The President thinks it should be a model city. THE BEE doesn't see why it should differ from other cities.

Booker Washington says that he is not in politics, yet we find him indorsing southern democrats for office to the exclusion of good and tried white republicans.

President Roosevelt wants to blanket the officers under the District government. THE BEE thinks it would be a good thing to blanket presidential aspirants for the presidency in 1904.

The Bee begs leave to inform the *Daily Post* as well as the *Evening Star* that Mr. Booker T. Washington is the white man's negro leader but not the negroes leader. The negroes are capable of selecting their own leader.

The negro who declined the Deputy Collectorship in Alabama because he did not desire to offend the good? white people should take a plow and hoe. These kind of negroes certain white people South want.

Rev. Corrothers and those gentlemen who sent a letter of congratulation to Mr. Roosevelt on the Crum letter, should ask the President why he left the negro out of his message to Congress. Of course some of them will say it was not necessary.

THE BEE WOULD LIKE TO SEE....

Delegates in Congress.

A new collored men appointed.

A new Judge in the upper branch of the Police court.

The new United States Attorney recognize a few colored lawyers.

Not so much to do about nothing.

Less letter writing and more real action.

No more political bunkcome.

Mark Hanna President and Timothy Woodruff Vice President.

The northern negroes stand pat.

Booker T. Washington cease explaining.

THE BEE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW....

If Editor Fortune is happy.

If it is not better to be manly instead of a toady.

Why Bro. Terrell didn't allow some one else to write that explanitory letter.

Why it is that some people imagine that they know it all, hence they think that they ought to do the talkin.

If Arthur P. Gorham will be the next Presidential nominee on the democratic ticket.

Why Judge Pugh will not allow the people of Maryland to run him for Congress.

What the opinion of the Afro-American press is on the President's message.

ALARM FOR THE DEAF.

They Don't Hear the Rattle of the Clock, But There Is Something Else Doing.

The Anaconda Standard says that an alarm clock for deaf mutes is the novel invention of Elza Cretzer, a deaf mute in the employ of the Washoe smelting plant.

The dropping of a pillow on the sleeping person is the awakening agent, and it is operated so that the pillow falls at the desired time. An ordinary alarm clock is placed in a cigar box which fits it closely. It is then nailed to the wall at the head of the bed. A string connects the clapper of the alarm clock with an ordinary spring mouse trap fastened to the top of the cigar box. By a system of small pulleys and screw eyes a pillow is fastened to the end of a string and pulled to the ceiling directly above the bed. An ingenious arrangement connects the other end of the string to the mouse trap. The clock is set, and when the alarm goes off the string attached to the bell clapper springs the mouse trap and releases the pillow, which drops on the persons sleeping in the bed beneath. "When it does not hit me it hits my wife," Mr. Cretzer wrote on a piece of paper, "and so I never miss a day any more."

Longest Continuous Stairway.

The longest continuous stairway in the world is that which leads to the tower of the Philadelphia city hall. It comprises 598 steps.

ANTI-TRUST NOVEL.

Chicago Writer's Latest Book Withdrawn from Market Because It Attacks Combination Methods.

Mrs. Gertrude Potter Daniels' new novel, "Eshek the Oppressor," a romance dealing with socialistic and trust problems, was withdrawn from the market by the publishers, less than two hours after it was placed on sale.

The real purpose of calling in the publication, it is stated by the Chicago Inter Ocean, is to expurgate some of the parts in regard to trusts which are deemed objectionable by the publishers, and to tone down the socialistic features.

"Eshek the Oppressor" is the second book by daughters of O. W. Potter to

GERTRUDE POTTER DANIELS.
(Chicago Authoress Who Is a Bitter Enemy of Trusts.)

be taken off the market. "A Social Lion," by Margaret Horton Potter, now Mrs. John Black, was suppressed a few weeks after its publication several years ago, but was placed on sale again after she was married.

The anomaly of Mrs. Gertrude Potter Daniels writing a novel attacking trusts when her father assisted in the organization of the United States Steel company by turning over his steel and rolling mill interests to the agents of J. Pierpont Morgan & Co. may have something to do with the withdrawal of "Eshek the Oppressor," it is thought.

One part of "Eshek the Oppressor" to be entirely changed in the new edition, it is said, is the blowing up of an oil refinery in Texas by employes of the trust, termed in the book the Eastern Petroleum company. Another feature probably to be much changed or entirely expurgated is the resuscitation of the hero, Jarvis Kennedy, by means of a salt solution, the ideas of which scene the author is said to have drawn from the investigations conducted by Prof. Loeb, of the University of Chicago.

Jarvis Kennedy, imbued thoroughly with socialistic doctrines and hatred of trusts, is taken through a strenuous lot of events, the first of which is the stealing of $100 "while wandering through the city streets, hopeless, penniless and out of work," to pay his fare to California, finally becoming the owner of one of the richest tracts of oil land in Texas. He prospers. The fruition of his plans seems almost attained. But suddenly the horizon is darkened. The Eastern Petroleum company, against which Mrs. Daniels makes her attacks, is rapidly getting control of the Texas oil field. The remainder of the book deals with Jarvis Kennedy's candidacy for governor, and his defeat by the candidate supported by the trust.

SENATOR DILLINGHAM.

Reelected to the United States Senate by the Legislature of Vermont for a New Term.

The state of Vermont rarely changes its representatives in either house of congress. It was, therefore, no surprise when the legislature of the

HON. W. P. DILLINGHAM.
(Vermont Statesman Who Has Just Been Reelected Senator.)

state recently reelected Hon. William Paul Dillingham to the United States senate. Senator Dillingham has already served two years in the upper house of the national congress as the successor of Senator Morrill, was governor of Vermont in 1888-1890, and had previously served several terms in both houses of the state legislature. His father before him was governor of the state, and his ancestors on both sides fought in the colonial wars and in the revolution. The senator was born in Waterbury, Vt., in 1843.

Will Support Her Husband.

The uncommon occurrence is reported from Australia of a woman being ordered by a magistrate to support her husband. The man, it seems, was an old-age pensioner in receipt of six shillings a week, and, as his spouse owned some land, she was made to contribute another six shillings a week toward his maintenance.

TROUBLE IN AFRICA.

Conquest of Somaliland by England Means Cruel War.

Mad Mullah Who, on October 6, Defeated Col. Swayne's Troops with Great Loss to British Must Be Conquered.

However regrettable the reverse suffered by Col. Swayne in his operations against the Somali Mahdists may be, it will have served a useful purpose, says the London Graphic, if it directs public attention to the importance of turning to account the British possessions on the Great Eastern Horn of Africa. Of the existence of these possessions the public knows little; of their great strategical importance and commercial promise they know less. For this ignorance the present deplorable situation is primarily due, for it is impossible for the imperal government to undertake costly expedtions or to establish an elaborate administrative machinery in countries which do not interest the tax-payer. The coast of Somaliland, with the important ports of Zeyla, Bulhar and Berbera, became British some 15 years ago, as a consequence of the collapse of Egyptian dominion in the Soudan. For some years it was administered as a sub-dependency of Aden, which, owing to its strategical position on the road to India, has always been a transmarine dependency of the Indian empire. In 1898, however, it was transferred to the imperial government, and was taken in charge by the foreign office. No public explanations have been given of this transfer, but to those who have watched the development of the international rivalry in the Red sea and the straits of Bab-el-Mandeb, the motives by which the foreign office was actuated cannot be very obscure. With the French established at Jibutil and the Germans and Russians casting about for coaling stations in the same neighborhood, and with the sudden growth of the military power of Abyssinia in

MAP OF SOMALILAND.
(Showing Line of March of the Ill-Fated British Troops.)

the dominating background, the imperial government probably thought that Somaliland, which holds the principal gate to Abyssinia, the while it divides with Aden the command of the carrefour of the Red sea, should not remain a subsidiary concern of a colonial administration. Unfortunately, the prevision of the imperial government did not go beyond taking the protectorate under its immediate wing. Although an immense region has been marked off as British, in virtue of treaties with Abyssinia and Italy, nothing was done to occupy the country outside the coast towns. The result was that the Arab sheiks, left to themselves, were free to plot against the suzerain, and early in 1899 these plots came to a head in the agitation of the Mullah Mohammed Abdullah, who proclaimed himself mahdi, and called upon the faithful to rise and drive the Giaour into the sea. The disaffection spread over an immense area. Simultaneously with the movement of the Mullah in the south of the Somaliland protectorate, the sheiks in the northern provinces of British East Africa became rebellious. Consequently, in 1899 two expeditions had to be organized, one against the Ogaden sheiks and sultans in Jubuland, and the other against the Mullah. The Ogaden was effectually pacified and the Mullah was several times defeated and forced to take refuge in Italian territory. Thereupon the British retired once more to the coast, hoping that the Mullah would profit by his lesson. Last January, however, he broke out again, and another expedition had to be organized. This is the expedition which came to grief the other day at Ergo. It is very clear from all this that the policy of shelving responsibility for the direct administration of the protectorate is a failure, and that henceforth it will be necessary to hold the country with a strong hand. Happily the enterprise is one which will well repay its cost. The markets of the interior are of considerable value, and if once tranquillity is assured the trade of the ports will be enormously increased. Apart from this it is to be remembered that the strategical value of the coast must be rendered altogether nugatory so long as the interior is held by a hostile people bent on rendering England's position untenable, or, at any rate, a subject of anxiety.

Freak in Potato World.

Daniel Gilman, of Manchester, N. H., recently found a potato which had lain in his cellar for a year. The potato had sprouted and grown and burst open. On the inside were three small potatoes growing. The old potato had withered somewhat and the little ones had burst the large one open in their growth.

Ostrich Earns His Keep.

During the life of an average ostrich the yield of feathers amounts to $1,500.

COLOSSUS OF FINANCE.

J. Pierpont Morgan Is One of Least Obtrusive of New York's Many Money Kings.

The colossus of the financial world to-day is J. Pierpont Morgan, the man whose wealth cannot be computed, but with all his mighty power financially he is but a common sort of person after all. Seen about the streets, he would attract no more than passing attention. He is not remarkable in appearance. His clothing is neither rich nor ornate and he looks as any prosperous business man might. Jostling among the crowds at a ferry recently, he looked as much of the common herd as any-

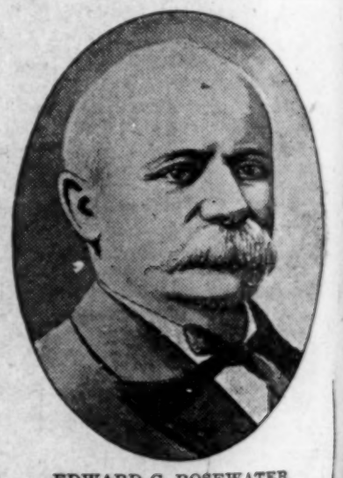
J. PIERPONT MORGAN.
(Recognized the World Over as the Colossus of Finance.)

one and would have passed unnoticed had not some person who knew his features pronounced his name in a whisper, and this was enough to make those in hearing distance stand in awe. He stands among other millionaires like a tall pine in a stretch of hazel brush, and his power is more kingly. His every movement is watched by other financiers with an anxiety that borders on agony. He can make or break men with one word, and yet with all his strength he is not arrogant or pompous. In the recent coal strike he loomed portentously, and it is said that it was his hint to the coal operators that finally ended the strike, yet if he is able to control such men and even greater and more powerful he gives no outward sign, but goes his way quietly and unobtrusively.

POWER IN THE WEST.

Edward C. Rosewater, Editor of the Omaha Bee, Is a Ruling Factor in Politics.

One of the brainiest and successful self-made men of the west is Mr. Edward C. Rosewater, of Omaha. Mr. Rosewater began his business career as a telegraph operator at Murphreesboro, Tenn. During the civil war he was attached to the staff of Gen. Pope for military telegraph service, and was later assigned to the war department at Washington. During this period he met President Lincoln, and the two became close friends. On January 1, 1863, Mr. Rosewater was assigned to personally transmit the original emancipation proclamation from the president to the army. He is also



EDWARD C. ROSEWATER.
(Omaha Editor Who Is Something of a Partisan Warwick.)

famous for the part he played in securing a postal telegraphic service. Several years ago, at the request of Postmaster General Wanamaker, he made a personal investigation of the postal telegraph systems of England, Germany, France and Austria, and was the sole American representative at the postal telegraph congress in 1897. He is the proprietor and founder of the Omaha Bee, one of the most powerful newspapers of the trans-Mississippi region.

Forced to Take Pot Luck.

The following story is being told of A. J. Montague, the governor of Virginia: On one of his campaigns through the western counties of the state he was compelled to wait a couple of hours at a small wayside station for his train. Thinking to kill time, he sauntered across the street to a small wooden shanty which bore on its signboard the imposing legend: "Imperial Hotel. Snacks Served at All Hours." "Who are you?" he asked of a ragged negro youth leaning against the door. "I'se de waiterer, sah." "Well, can I get something to eat here?" "Oh, yes, boss." "Such as what?" "Sech as 'tis, sah," was the reply.

Jail Hewn from Rock.

The county jail at Clifton, Ariz., comprises four large rooms hewn from the solid quartz rock of the hillside. The entrance is through a vestibule protected by three steel gates.

Miss Lucy Wilhoyd, of New York is visiting her cusion Mrs. Archibald Ray 1318 W street. Miss Wilhoyd is a pleasing young marm and easily wins friends where ever she goes.

Owing to inclement weather, the exercies by the Pen and Pencil Club, under the auspices of Bethel Literary Association were postpond until next Tuesday evening Dec. 9, 1902.

Miss. Ellen L. Lee gave a reception from 6 to 9:30 P. M at her home, No. 1213 T St., northwest, last Friday evening in honor of Miss Bessie Thompson of Baltimore. Games were played the first part of the evening. At eight o'clock refreshment were served in the dinning room which was beautifully decorated. Unique souviners were presented the guests. Among those present were: Misses Thompson, of Balti.; Ernestine Brent, Sadie Merriwether, Alice Freeman, Georgie Marston, Parthenia Pyles, Pearl Bruce, Mary Mitchel and Pauline Graham.

Mr. and Mrs. Miles Cary Debbress, of Richmond Va., on their bridal tour from New York, stopped over in Washinston, and during the day a large number of business men and ladies including the teachers of public schools called to shower congragulations on the contracting parties. At night a banquet was given the bride and groom by Lawyer and Mrs. Jas. W. Brown, at their beautiful home, No. 1143 15th street, northwest. Although the weather was somewhat inclement' the spacious parlors were filled with some of Washisgton's most distinguished people. Among those present were: Mr and Mrs. Henry Lassiter, Misses Alenza Marshall, Mamie Beckett, Julia R. Bush, Anna M. Johnson, Mamie Johnson, Lillian Ramsey, Eva Harvey, Helen Clyde Robinson, and Cohen; Messrs. Syphax Johnson, James E. Gray, Robert Brown; Lawyers C. O. Posy and J. E. Byrd, of Virginia. The charming bride who was one of Richmond's belles, was formerly Miss Fannie Flippin, and the groom, is one of Richmond's well known business men The happy groom and blushing bride left the city on Tuesday for their home in Richmond, carrying with them many congratulations and best wishes. They had a reception for their numerous friends on Thursday night, Nov 27, '02, at 110 West Leigh St., Richmonn, Va.

MISS DAISY LEITER.

In Company of Her Mother She Will Visit the Coronation Durbar at Delhi, India.

Miss Margaret Leiter, third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Levi Z. Leiter, of Washington and Chicago, will be one of the best gowned women at the durbar, Delhi, India, and her entire wardrobe is the product of her native city, Chicago. Miss Daisy, as she is more familiarly known to the public, has always said that she obtained more satisfactory results by having her gowns designed in Chicago than in New York, Paris and London. When Mrs. Leiter decided to accept the invitation of her son-in-

MISS DAISY LEITER.
(The Charming Sister of India's Beautiful Vicereine.)

law, Lord Curzon, viceroy of India, and attend the great historic pageant known as the durbar, or crowning of the emperor of India, the momentous question rose of preparing suitable toilets for the grand event. Miss Daisy unhesitatingly said that she would obtain all she needed in Chicago. It has been stated that Mrs. and Miss Leiter carried with them abroad the most complete wardrobe ever taken from this country. Twenty-five trunks were required for the gowns, and other less delicate articles were sent in shipping boxes. In order to avoid any misunderstanding, either on arriving in England, where they first landed, or on their return to this country, Mr. Leiter had a complete inventory made of the ladies' gowns, jewels and lingerie and placed a copy in the hands of the United States customs officers in New York and sent another copy to the officials of England. This is the first time such a course has been adopted, and Mr. Leiter believes that he has spared his wife and daughter much trouble and annoyance. Miss Leiter has visited India before, but this is Mrs. Leiter's first venture into that mystical land. The ladies will remain in Delhi until February and will then go to Simla.

WOMAN BANK PRESIDENT.

Management of an Important New York Fiscal Institution Offered to Indiana Lady.

The organizers of a new bank for women in New York, who are said to already have secured promises of a clientage that will give the bank $5,000,000 in deposits in the first year, have offered the presidency of the institution to Mrs. Sarah F. Dick, of Huntington, Ind., who for years was the only woman bank cashier in the country. Mrs. Dick, who is the wife of a Huntington merchant, went into the First national there as assistant

MRS. SARAH F. DICK.
(Indiana Woman Who Has Declined a New York Bank Presidency.)

cashier in 1873. Her father was then cashier of the bank. When her father, John McGrew, became president of the bank in 1881 his daughter was chosen by the board of directors to succeed him as cashier. This position she held until recently. Her father declared he had never been able to find a man who was as good a judge of men as his daughter, and who made as few mistakes in making loans as she.

Mrs. Dick has declined the New York offer, in spite of the fact that a splendid salary was attached to the position.

GOT A REAL BARGAIN.

His Wife Cost Only $4.75, But Now Mr. Wilson Wouldn't Take a Million for Her.

When Nathaniel Wilson, a glassworker, of Marion, Ind., led Miss Kathryn Overmeyer, of Gas City, to the altar, November 7, he completed a pretty little romance and at the same time got a lovely wife who cost him only $4.75.

A week before the Christian Endeavor society of the Presbyterian church of Jonesboro held an auction sale of girls at the home of Mrs. Frank Pierce. Real live girls, reveling in all the glorious charms of womanhood, were sold to the highest bidder. While the purchase of a fair charmer did not insure the buyer a partner for life, Nathaniel Wilson purchased Miss Kathryn Overmeyer and on Friday they were wed.

Mr. Wilson is a stranger in Indiana, having only recently moved to Marion city from Pittsburg. He is a handsome young man of 26 years, and, being a double-strength glassblower, commands a large salary. Several of his fellow employes, who were acquainted with the young women of Gas City and Jonesboro, were going to attend the auction sale of young ladies and asked Wilson to go with them.

When the sale opened a large white sheet was stretched across the end of a room and the girl to be sold was placed so as that her shadow would be revealed on the cloth. Not knowing whom she was the young men would bid for her for the evening.

Wilson took no part in this bidding until four young women had been sold, only one of whom brought over one dollar.

When the fifth young woman was placed on the stand the form of a handsome girl was pictured on the canvas. Wilson opened the bid with 50 cents. A young man from Fairmount recognized the form as that of one for whom he had great admiration, but with whom he was not acquainted. He raised the bid to one dollar. Twenty-five cents at a jump her price rose until the Fairmount man found that he had bid just as much as he had cash in his pocket. Wilson went him 25 cents better and bought the young woman for $4.75. An introduction followed immediately, and, what started as only a little fun ended in the marriage of the young couple in the Presbyterian church in Jonesboro.

Now Wilson says he would not take $1,000,000 for his bargain.

TOOK BATH WITH EELS.

Harrowing Experience of an Indiana Girl Who Was Staying with Friends in Chicago.

The Chicago Inter Ocean tells this strange tale of a family on Delaware place with a palate for eels. As often as twice a week the head of the family carries home from the fish market two or three of the slippery, snakelike wrigglers.

In the front rooms of the apartment where lives this family are two young women from Indiana, who, during their sojourn in the city, are boarding with the family of eel eaters.

One night last week the man of the house took home three eels. After

STOLE OUT OF HER ROOM.

stumbling about the darkened house in a futile search for a bucket, he hit upon another plan. He tiptoed to the bathroom and turned the eels loose in the bathtub.

As soon as the house was quiet the younger of the two sisters, dressed for her dreams, stole out of her room with a heavy crash towel thrown across her arm and proceeded to the bathroom. The room was dark and she could find no matches. Not caring to search for a match, she decided to bathe in the dark, and accordingly turned on the hot and cold water. When the tub was well filled the young woman stepped in. The hot water had put life into the slippery eels, and when the young woman got both feet into the tub the creatures slid about her ankles and across her feet.

That was all she remembered. With one hysterical scream she began kicking furiously and crying for help. Her elder sister, fearing she was being murdered, ran to the bathroom, but found the door locked. After a couple of moments had elapsed the girl imprisoned in the bathroom fell out of the tub and managed to unlock the door. Not hearing the anxious questions her frightened sister was crying at her, she fairly flew down the hallway, clad only in the darkness.

"What in the world is the matter, sister?" asked the elder one.

"Oh, horrors!" shuddered the hysterical girl, "the bathtub is full of snakes!"

By this time the head of the family, clad in pajamas, was tottering up and down the hallway choking in a spasm of laughter. He stamped his feet, hit his head against the wall, and at last controlled himself sufficiently to light the gas in the bathroom and call his wife to take a look at the room. The floor was flooded with water, and two of the eels were wriggling upon the floor.

EVERYBODY LAUGHED.

Why an Unfortunate English Conjuror Made a Sudden Bolt for the Dressing Room.

At a public entertainment in London recently a conjurer had an experience which was highly comical,

HEN WAS AN OLD ROOSTER.

though quite disastrous from a professional point of view.

Having produced an egg from a previously empty bag, he announced that he would follow up this trick by bringing from the bag the hen that laid the egg.

This little arrangement he had left to his confederate to carry out.

He proceeded to drop the bird from the bag, but what was his surprise on finding that the alleged hen was an old rooster, which strutted about the stage with ruffled feathers and offended dignity, and set up as vigorous a crowing as if it had just awakened from its nocturnal slumbers.

The whole audience shrieked with laughter, and the unfortunate conjurer made a bolt for the dressing-room.

A MYSTERIOUS TREE.

Its Hollow Trunk Contained a First-Class Dumb-Waiter.

And on Top Lived a Man Who Sold Beer to Thirsty Travelers—What a Peace Officer Saw in Kansas.

"When a fellow is chased up a tree it's about the end, you think." The deputy sheriff, says the Chicago Daily News, crossed his feet as he emphasized the "you."

"Generally it's a case for the coroner," remarked another deputy, tossing the burned match toward the steam heater.

"Yes, but this is not a case of hanging. You remember when I went to Kansas to catch a gang of train robbers?"

"And never got a man," sandwiched in one of the hangers-on.

"That was the time I found a man up a tree. It was like this: I got into one of the eastern counties and made my business known to the official there. He thought and thought and tipped back in his chair, and the room in the courthouse got blue with smoke. Finally he said there was a suspicious character in the woods over toward another town, but that the only time one could find him was after dark.

"It was decided that we should drive to the place in the evening. So over the roads we went shortly after dark. The moon was shining and the flowers were blooming by the side of the wire fences. People took me for a drummer, and it puzzled them when they saw me get into the buggy with the sheriff. But off we went. We drove till we came to a bit of woods about a creek—such as they have in that country.

"'Here we are,' said the sheriff.

"I looked around for a house, but could see none. No, sir; there wasn't a building to the right nor the left. The sheriff seemed to know the ground, and hitched the horses in perfect confidence. I was sure there was a walk down the stream for us and prepared for one of the things the boys call a 'hike.' I put my revolver into my coat pocket and got

CAUGHT HIM BY THE FOOT.

ready for a battle with desperadoes."

"What did the sheriff do?" asked the first deputy.

"He lined up to a tree by the side of the road and folded his feet as men do when they go to a bar. Out of his pocket he took a silver quarter and pounded in a hollow place in the tree. Something came down and the silver disappeared. There was more noise and presently a suspicious clink of glass. Then the thing raced down again and the sheriff pulled out a bottle.

"There was something mysterious about that tree. In all my experience I had seen nothing like that and I knew something animate was in the branches. But the sheriff went back to his team and went off up the hill. When we were well out of sight and hearing the official pulled up by a fence and we stole back on our toes and sneaked across the field. Someone approached the tree and went through the same performance we had, no word being spoken. Then like Indians we crept up and saw a dark object on the ground. It was a man. Before he could get into the tree the sheriff caught him by the foot. I came up then and together we pulled our captive down to earth and put handcuffs on him. After that I climbed into the tree and found a whole case of beer in the branches and a dumb waiter that slipped up and down in the hollow trunk. That was all, except a rope and a board for the barkeep to sit on."

"The man under the tree—how about him?"

"Oh, he was not the one I was looking for, after all. By and by we let him go, for there was no evidence against him. But it shows how they do business in Kansas."

Supposed Corpse Sat Up.

John Bissman, a barber of Wellsville, O., was shaving a supposed corpse, Samuel Colledge, when he imagined that the body seemed warm. Further investigation showed that the man's heart was faintly beating. The preparations for the funeral were abandoned, and in a few days Mr. Colledge was able to sit up and take his rations.

Snow Stops Rifle Bullets.

A rifle bullet fired at a distance of 50 yards will not pass through a wall of snow four feet thick.

Where Umbrellas Are Cheap.

In Corea a serviceable umbrella costs about 12 cents. The covering is of oiled paper.

MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

Drug Clerk Picks Up Three Young Skunks Under the Impression That They Were Angoras.

Music surely hath charms when it brings to the surface from their burrow three handsome skunk kittens. This, says the Hartford (Conn.) Times, was the case on Sunday afternoon at Riverside park while the band concert was being rendered to thousands of people. The country boy may be green; he may be given even the title of "hayseed," but he knows a thing or two about skunk kittens.

Not so with the young helper in a Main street drug store. He was lacking the wisdom of the farm boy on this particular occasion. He wandered about the park in his Sunday

"GO BURY YOURSELF!"

clothes, and he was decidedly smart in appearance. As he meandered along the edge of the grove a little way apart from the crowd he espied three little skunk kittens—"regular beauties." He thought they were young Angoras, and he immediately picked them up and started for home.

The kittens were quiet for awhile, but that was caused more by fright than by natural instinct. As he struck into Morgan street a smell reached his nostrils that he recognized but couldn't locate. It seemed to be in his neighborhood all the time, and before he got to Front street the citizens and noncitizens of that locality were scattering in different directions, and all eyeing him in open-mouthed astonishment.

When he got to his place of business the proprietor took in the situation at a glance, and, plainly speaking, "fired out" the young man and his three skunk kittens, telling him what he had rolled in his arms at the same time. He dropped them outside the store, and it was then he came to his senses. The kittens were killed and then the young man turned to his employer and pietously asked: "What will I do?" The reply was:

"Go bury yourself."

CEMETERY FOR CATS.

Three Little Children of Norwich, Conn., Have Started a Unique Burial Ground.

"Cat Dale Cemetery" is the name three little children of Nelson place have given a burying ground at Norwich, Conn., which they have started for cats. It is not very populous just yet, but the children are hunting the neighborhood for the kind of cats that need burying.

A "cat funeral," as conducted by these youngsters, is one of the most imposing spectacles of the town. A wooden box is carefully lined and papered, the cat is placed in it and the top is nailed on. After the grave is filled in the children busy themselves writing epitaphs. The epitaphs over

IN THE CAT CEMETERY.

the two cat graves in the cemetery are as follows:

"Tom Goodwin. Died 8th of August, 1902. Tom died about the middle of the morning, August 8th. Emily Goodwin's cat. It was a good cat in its life. It was treated good and had a good home and had plenty to eat. This little girl felt very sorry to have her little pet die. It was the only one she had. But she was good to every dumb creature. She took care of it very well. Tom is dead now and happy."

The children did not know so much about the second cat.

"Died on August 6, 1902. Good and noble in his life. A stray cat Dide on Whittaker's lorn on August 6, 19 and two. Some naughty boys threw it into a barel and threw some sand in its eyes. Suffered by some disease. Fed it and it would not eat. We named it Freddie. But now it is dead. Dide at 3:30 this afternoon. It is out of its muserary. Poor little thing, it is dead now."

WAS QUITE PAINFUL.

Sad Climax of Sweet Love-Making by Phonograph.

Experiment That Promised Pleasant Possibilities Terminates in Dire Disaster to Its Enterprising Promoter.

Making love by phonograph is the latest fad.

No one believes that it will ever be popular and the experience of a well-known Philadelphian may put a damper upon other swains ambitious to do something unconventional in the winning of womanly hearts, as related by the Philadelphia Press.

This is the well-known's experience:

"Went to see a friend," said he, "and he showed me something that made me open my eyes. He has just patented a new phonograph. It was the best thing of the kind I've ever seen—or heard. There is no irritating metallic sound about its tones, and the 'records' are so made that the machine will run for eight or ten minutes.

"Well, I thought I'd borrow that phonograph and pay a visit to my sweetheart.

"It was not a vest pocket affair, however. The thing weighed 100 pounds or more, and for that reason I did not think of using it as a watch charm.

"But it played some music tunes, and I wanted my girl to hear them, so I lugged the whole thing to her house. It was as heavy as lead, and I had a hard trip of it. But at the girl's house it was a great hit, and the result was that for some months I lugged 'the pet' around to the homes of the best girls of quite a few of my friends.

"It was great—sort of love-making-made-easy affair, you know, and a winner every shot. We had more girls than we knew what to do with.

"It was a strange looking contrivance, you understand, and in order to reassure the girls it was necessary for us to hold their hands whenever the music box was doing the stunt.

"Well, one night I put the arrangement on the stretcher and carried it

HAD WORKED THE WRONG RECORD.

two miles through the snow to the home of one of the girls.

"She was the best girl of one of the most bashful fellows you ever saw. He wanted to propose to her, but he lacked the nerve, and so he had concluded to let the phonograph speak his little piece for him.

"I left him alone with the whole business—stretcher, phonograph, record and girl—and agreed to call for him in two hours. When I went back the first thing I saw was the phonograph like a mess of hash in the gutter, and under a nearby tree was the bashful fellow lying at full length and apparently dead on the stretcher. I roused him and demanded an explanation.

"'You gave me the wrong record,' he said, in a sobbing tone, 'and I couldn't stop the blankety-blank thing. Her father and brothers are giants!'

"I called for help and took him home on the stretcher and then returned for the phonograph. It was soon patched up, and then I put into it the record that the bashful fellow had sprung on his girl. Some one started the machine and we heard:

"'Oh, fairest star, thou angel bright, I'd like your ma to be out of sight. Then with a sigh in your one good eye, I'd fondly gaze awhile, and your false hair I'd madly tear unless on me you'd smile.

"'Chorus—Oh, there's only one girl in the world for me; she has a face like a yaller dog and a voice like a gale at sea. But she has money, you can bet, and that coin I will surely get, when she becomes my own Birdie.'

"There were 17 other verses along the same line, but I afterward learned that at the thirteenth verse the girl's screams brought in her father and three brothers. They found her beau working frantically to stop the machine. They were tall, strong, athletic men. It was very painful.

"It appears that one of the fellows composed the doggerel and sang it into the phonograph so as to torment the bashful chap at some time, and that the record got mixed—quite by accident, of course—with the one on which the poor chap's carefully prepared proposal was recorded.

"Yes, he lost the girl."

Now They Want More Pay.

The directors of a bank in Chicago think that no man should marry on a salary less than $1,000 a year. They have, therefore, informed their single clerks who get less than this sum that they must not marry. The clerks have requested higher pay.

COUGHS UP BRASS TACK.

After Eleven Years a Denver Boy Plays Havoc with a Costly Medical Diagnosis.

Cecil Hull a 15-year-old boy who is a pupil in a Denver high school, had been afflicted with bronchial trouble for 11 years. The other day he fell into a severe paroxysm of coughing lasting for three-quarters of an hour. Then he coughed up a membraneous substance which was found to contain a tack he had swallowed when four years old.

It was feared that he was developing tuberculosis, but all efforts to relieve him had proved unsuccessful. Now he is improving and is free from bronchial irritation. Physicians who

THEN HE COUGHED UP.

had worked with the boy declare it to be one of the strangest cases in all their practice affirming it to be almost impossible for a tack to remain for that length of time in a person's throat.

The tack itself was a brass carpet tack about a half inch long. Cecil had swallowed it when he was four years old. Efforts were made at the time to remove it but without success. Later he began to complain of irritation, and then the chronic bronchial trouble developed and caused him suffering for years. His parents naturally are rejoiced at the outcome.

"We feared the boy's health never would be good," said Mr. Hull. "It seemed that the older he grew the more frequent and more violent became the paroxysms of coughing. The strange thing in connection with his case is the fact that none of the physicians who examined him were able to give a reason for his affliction. They could not declare his lungs affected, and yet he had the cough which is considered a sure symptom. When he started to cough in the paroxysm which brought out the tack, I began to fear the end was coming right then, it was so severe. The outcome is most fortunate."

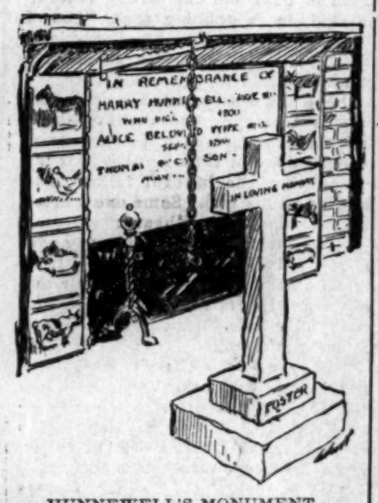
UNIQUE TOMBSTONE.

The Old Fireplace of the Maine Hunnewells Set Up in Cemetery Over Their Graves.

The most remarkable gravestone in all Maine, if, indeed, its like can be found anywhere, is in the Hunnewell family lot at Windham, where a great old-fashioned fireplace serves instead of marble or granite shaft.

The Hunnewells have for two and a half centuries been the foremost people in Windham, and many of the family lie buried in this cemetery. Recently Charles H. Hunnewell, the present head of the family, decided to erect a monument in the cemetery lot.

He decided that the old fireplace where his greatgrandparents did



HUNNEWELL'S MONUMENT.

their cooking and toasted their toes would be more appropriate for the purpose than an ordinary monument. So he had the old fireplace taken from the farmhouse, with its hanging crane, andirons and other belongings, and set up in the graveyard in a framework of bricks taken from the old chimney—bricks that were brought from England in the early part of the seventeenth century.

Thus the fireplace stands, a conspicuous object among the white stones that surround it. The opening is filled in with a metal tablet, upon which is inscribed the record of the Hunnewell family for eight generations, or from 1654 to 1901—247 years.

In the space around the family record appear pictures of fowls, cows, hogs and other live stock owned by the various generations of the Hunnewells, which won prizes at fairs. Seven hens, two hogs, four cows and six oxen appear in single pictures, while others are in a group. There is, in addition, a large picture, representing a farm scene in winter.

CUPID AND PROPHET.

This Story Proves That Sometimes Both Are Blind.

Soothsayer Wanted a Wife with Wooden Leg—When She Arrived She Took Charge of Things and Ruled the Roost.

It has never been determined quite satisfactorily that love is blind. Lovers frequently are, but whether Mr. Cupid himself is or not depends on the way he is viewed—whether he is considered a beneficent spirit or merely a mischief-making influence who is entirely unconcerned whether he does good things or not, just so he does things.

Nemee Bronson's story sustains the blind theory well, says the Chicago Tribune.

Nemee lived in Waterbury, Conn. He is skilled in fortune telling and has been esteemed a prophet with first, second, third, and goodness knows how many more "sights." Now Nemee is a prophet without honor in his own country. And it is all because he could not see his own finish. He could not see what was coming to him when it was big enough for other people to see it ten miles off.

As a result Mr. Bronson is now regretting the day he took a chance with Cupid. He was unable to lift the veil and peer into his own future. When it came to choosing a wife he was as blind as the blindest.

Several weeks ago Nemee became lonesome and approached several of his neighbors on the proposition of securing one of their daughters as a wife. None appeared enchanted with the idea. All begged to be excused from furnishing a daughter for a seeress.

Failing in this search Nemee did what men have done before him and will do after him. He advertised for a wife. He had peculiar ideas as to the qualifications a wife should have. He wanted one who was wooden legged. Nemee himself has a wooden leg, and

MRS. GRANGER APPEARED.

he believes that congenial natures are built on like plans. He also wanted one who could "cuke eggs without petrifying and flapjacks without blistering." Nemee is particular about his eggs and flapjacks.

The other requirements were that the wife should not be above 60 years of age and that she should have curly hair. It was further specified that she should be such a woman as would "reciprocate even a failing affection."

Several women answered, but when they left after their first interview with the fortune teller they never returned, and it was concluded that they had failed to fill the bill. Three weeks ago a candidate loomed up in Sioux Falls, S. D., in the person of Mrs. Anna Grange.

"I have the requisite legs and hair," she wrote, "and I would not object to a husband if he was just moderate in temper and wouldn't expect too much. I have four children, but Ben and May can farm in any place where work would keep ahead of eating expenses."

Before Nemee had time to answer the letter Mrs. Granger and her family appeared. Nemee was inclined to protest at first. She was an evident ringer. She did not even have the wooden leg. But Mrs. Grange is a woman of strong purposes. She told the fortune-teller that she had come all the way from South Dakota to answer his advertisement and she did not propose to let a little thing like a wooden leg or the lack of one prevent her from getting a husband. She had to have some return for her car fare, she said.

Nemee, being unable to read his own future in this respect, was won over by these arguments and they were married. Then his troubles began and the whole neighborhood has been watching the downfall of the prophet. During the first week of their honeymoon Mrs. Bronson forced her husband to sleep out in the front yard. Then she divided the property between herself and her children and told the prophet he would have to find lodgings outside the house. Nemee finally was reduced to sleeping in a hollow tree, where he was guarded by his dog. Then he disappeared and his neighbors fear that his failure to see what was coming to him so worked on his mind that he has committed suicide.

What One Man Eats.

A healthy man with a good appetite and average drinking capacity consumes during 70 years 96.5 tons of material, solid and liquid. Putting it another way, he requires over 1,280 times his own weight of nourishment in the course of his life.

The Pope's Daily Mail.

Every day, at the Vatican, from 20,000 to 22,000 letters are addressed to the pope.

Only good swimmers are acceptable as recruits in the German army. The best swimmers in the service are able to cross a stream several hundred yards in width even when carrying their clothing, rifle and ammunition.

The Sign of the Cross.

In ancient days the addition of a cross to the signature did not always indicate that the signer could not write, but was added as an attestation of good faith.

Kitty—Only think! Carrie got her new bathing suit wet through the very first time she wore it!

Bertha—Mercy, you don't mean to say that she went into the water?

Kitty—The idea! Of course not. A drenching shower came on all of a sudden.—Boston Transcript.

The Labor.

Blobbs—I hear you have a political job. Is it hard work?

Slobbs—Not after you get it.—Phil-

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Ladies' Genuine Diamond Rings, $5 up too $100; all of them gems.
Ladies' Solid Gold Lorgnette Chaines, $7 up too $16; all the latest styles.
Ladies' Solid Gold Brooches. $2.50 up too $25.
Gents' Solid Gold Dumb-bell Sleeve buttons, $3.50; a useful present.
Gents' 14k. Gold-filled Chains, $2.00 warranted for five years' wear.
Gents' Diamond Sleeve Butons, $5 up; a little gem in each button.
Gent's Diamond Studs, $7.50 up.
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Pride of Virginia Pure Rye	20c pt
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Holland Gin	20c pt
North Carolina Corn Whiskey	20c pt
Apple Brandy	20c pt
Pure Old Rye Whiskey	30c pt
Buttercup Rock and Rye	25c pt

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RUPTURE CURE
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It Would Grow.

Naggaby—That looks like a mighty small fish for a full-grown man to catch.

Waggsby—Just be patient. None of his folks are with him. It will be big enough when he tells about it.—Los

I shall in this column endeavor to answer all correspondence that may be sent and urgently request young ladies to read this column, and any questions that they wished answered please send them in before Saturday of each week.

By Miss May Clematis.

M. E. Deception is only practiced by those who have no honor.

N. L. E. Is thoroughly convinced now. True friendship has been manifested.

Etta. Carelessness with friends alienates them and love grows cold.

Dorah. You cannot expect to have true friends, if you are never willing to be accomodating.

Mamie. You can win more by coaxing than you can by threats. Kind words sooth the most stubborn heart.

I. M. It is the honest girl who retains the friendship of her companions.

D. T. The Native Washingtonian's will desect their organization.

Rachel. Don't allow yourself to be persuaded by new faces. Girls act very foolish sometimes.

Ida. Never allow yourself to be influenced to deceive those who are your true friends. False friendship leads one to distruction.

Sarah. Flashy dressing will suit the girl who has no taste, but not a lady of refinement.

Girls are not at all careful of their association now. Some girls like others because they dress well Don't forget that character is necessary all the time.

Miss M. Your questions have two constructions. If you are convinced that marrying will improve your condi ion, then accept the advice of your friends. Your mother's advice should be heeded. Divorces are numerous now.

Estelle. You are tired of teaching and your desire is to marry. Do as you think best. If you have him under control now, your fate will never be conjected.

Nella. You should get something in your head. Beau y soon fades and dress is only momentary.

Sis. Yes, you should know how to keep house. Good men will appreciate good house wives.

Sedateness is a quality that will carry any lady through life.

Letter writing should be conducted with care.

A letter should be so written that a third party can read it.

It is in bad taste to come to a conclusion on doubtful information.

Never allow a position to cause you to lose your manners.

One that is never satisfied is always unhappy.

Ammy. Be throughtful. It will pay you in the end. A reliable person can always be relied on.

J. Think well of every one, until you are convinced to the contrary. Don't believe always that your friends are dishonest because they should make a mistake once.

We often dislike one because others do.

We form and express an opinion because of what other people say.

It is alway best to hear both sides of all questions and decide for ourselves.

Girls will talk and form their likes and dislikes because of what other people say.

Don't envy others because they are more successful than you are.

Speak well of every one and don't come to a hasty conclusion.

If you can't speak well of your neighbors it is best to say nothing.

It is bad taste to allow a gentleman to write familiar letters to you, that you have met away.

Pretentions are often construed as hanest expressions.

Don't imagine that you are admired be cause you are told so. Deception is often an underlying principle with some people.

A weak girl will be persuaded by flattery.

It is your dress that men often admire and not yourself.

Put the same face in tattered gowns and see how much you are appreciated.

Be what you are and you will succeed

L. S, You should be one thing or nothing. You cannot have the same mind and appreciation.

Mr. H. H. In your new field of labor, be as you are. Never put on a false face.

A girl should be careful in her dealings with male companions.

Don't wear a flashy dress it will beray your looks.

Pretty manners will often make pretpersons.

COL. SANGER ADVANCED.

Promoted to Brigadier General and Assigned to Active Duty in the Philippines.

Brig. Gen. Thomas Ward, for several years adjutant general on the staff of Lieut. Gen. Miles, commanding the army, has been placed on the retired list at his own request after about 43 years' active and honorable service. The vacancy thus created in the line was filled by the promotion of Col. Joseph P. Sanger, of the inspector general's department, to the grade of brigadier general.

Gen. Sanger was born in Michigan, and appointed from that state. He served as Second lieutenant, First

GEN. JOSEPH P. SANGER.
(Popular Army Officer Who Has Just Been Promoted.)

Michigan volunteers, from May 1, 1861, to August 7, 1861, being engaged in the occupation of Alexandria, Va., and the battle of Bull Run. He was appointed a second lieutenant, First United States artillery, August 5, and promoted to be first lieutenant of the same regiment October 26. He was acting inspector general, department of the south, from August, 1863, to April, 1864.

He was breveted captain, United States army, May 28, 1864, "for gallant and meritorious service in action at Bermuda Hundred, Va.," and major, United States army, March 13, 1865, for gallant and meritorious services in the battle of Deep Bottom, Va., August 16, 1864."

Was adjutant of the artilley school from February, 1868, to October, 1870, and recorder of a board to revise the artillery tactics, from August, 1868, to November, 1870; professor of military science and tactics at Bowdoin college, Me., January, 1872, to June, 1875; member of military commission visiting Japan, China, India, Turkey, France, Germany, Austria, Russia and England, July, 1875, to February, 1877; aid-de-camp to Gen. Schofield, January, 1884, to January, 1888.

He was appointed major and inspector general, February 12, 1889; lieutenant colonel and military secretary to Lieut. Gen. Schofield, April to September, 1895.

When the Spanish war opened he was appointed brigadier general of volunters and commanded the Third division, First corps, Second brigade, First division, First corps and the district of Matanzas, Cuba, until May, 1899. He was honorably discharged from the volunteer service June 12, 1899, and made director of the Cuban and Porto Rican census, which position he held until March, 1901.

He has been on duty in the Philippines since March, 1901, in connection with the inspector general's department, and will remain there under his new commission as one of the chief assistants of Maj. Gen. Davis, who is to succeed Gen. Chaffee in command of the military forces in the Philippines in September next.

HEAD OF PROPAGANDA.

Pope Has Elevated Cardinal Gotti to Office Held by the Late Cardinal Ledochowski.

Cardinal Jerome Maria Gotti, who has just been appointed to the prefecture of the propaganda in succession

CARDINAL J. M. GOTTI.
(Recently Appointed to the Prefecture of the Propaganda.)

to the late Cardinal Ledochowski, is a special favorite of Pope Leo, and at the same time a most learned and capable prelate. He was derived from the humblest station in society and early joined the order of the barefoot Carmelites. Cardinal Gotti's first advancement came from Pius IX., but Pope Leo has given him many important diplomatic missions to fill, all of which have been accomplished with skill and tact. The new prefect is noted for the keen interest he takes in scientific literature and for his generally profound learning. He is 68 years old.

Irish Horse Are Winners.

Three-fourths of the steeplechase races in England are won by horses bred in Ireland.

THE ROTUND GROCER

He Was No Match for the Boys of the Neighborhood.

Youngsters Concocted a Scheme Which Nearly Drove Him Wild and Was the Cause of Considerable Indignation.

A rotund German grocer who conducts a store in the suburbs of Brooklyn recently incurred the enmity of the boys in that vicinity. How the feud started no one seems to know, but it certainly engendered plenty of hard feeling. At first the boys avenged their supposed wrongs by jeers and occasional missiles. The police took a hand and blocked that game. Then they planned and carried out a revenge which showed that Young America has not lost its traditional ingenuity.

A pool was formed, each boy contributing all his pocket money. The funds of the pool were invested in toy balloons such as are sold by street fakirs. The purchase being made at wholesale rates a large supply of balloons was accumulated. To each balloon was attached a slip of paper which stated that the finder would receive a dollar on returning the balloon to the grocer. One afternoon when the wind was blowing in the Long Island direction the boys sent up the balloons. Then they awaited developments.

The first development came early the next morning in the form of a husky Long Island farmer, who stopped his team in front of the grocery store, marched in with a captive toy balloon and handed it to the German grocer with the remark that he would like his dollar. The grocer stared blankly.

"For vhy?" he exclaimed, "vhy should I give you a dollar for dat? Do I look like a man dot vants a toy balloon already? Vat a fool you takes me for; yes, no?"

The farmer showed the inscription stating that a dollar would be paid for the balloon. He had returned it and

FARMER WANTED A DOLLAR.

wanted his money. Then the grocer's wrath bubbled over.

"Dem boys. Dem leedle loafers. Dey makes all dis trouble. I vill see der chudge und ave dem to der prison send."

But, says the New York Times, it was only the beginning of his troubles. The west wind had done a thorough job and scattered the balloons all over that part of Long Island. Through the day farmers, men who worked on the railway and trolley lines, even tramps, trudged into the grocery, proudly bearing toy balloons and insisting on a dollar each for returning them. All were filled with indignation at the grocer's refusal. And, to add insult to injury, the boys responsible for the vexing of his spirit clustered in little groups, up and down the street, just out of reach, and by their loud and unfeigned expressions of delight added to the rotund grocer's misery.

Late in the afternoon the grocer explained his troubles to a friendly policeman and asked how the majesty of the law could be invoked to punish the erring boys. The policeman, after hearing the facts, delivered his judgment with the solemnity of a Solomon.

"If youse haven't paid out the money, there's nothin' you can do. But if youse pay the coin, them boys is builty of obtaining money under false pretenses."

This cleared matters up for the puzzled grocer.

"Yah," he exclaimed in relieved tones. "Dat vas it. False bretenses. Of course it vas false bretense to say dot I pay a dollar for dem little balloons. Vat dey tink I vas? A fool?"

What Alcohol Will Do.

It is said that Peter Evans, who lives in Indiana, holds the record for being arrested more times within a given period than any other man in the state. Recently the state board of charities, hearing of the case, instituted an investigation of the court records. It showed that in 15 years he was arrested 169 times for intoxication, 129 times of which he was placed in jail to sober up, and 40 times he was tried and convicted. During the 15 years he spent 420 days in jail. The total cost to the county for the period mentioned was $651.60. In his younger days he paid innumerable fines, aggregating large amounts, but he has served sentences from 10 to 20 days in jail for the last 20 years at least. By his own request he has recently become an inmate of the county infirmary. At one time Peter Evans was reputed to be worth $75,000, all of which has slipped through his fingers. He is 65 years of age.

American Clothes in Mexico.

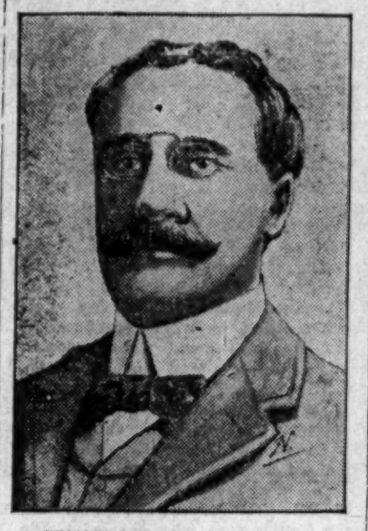
Mexicans are discarding the old opera bouffe suits, with gay scarfs, wide-legged trousers, high sombreros and pointed shoes. Now they array themselves in American clothing, hats and shoes.

SPAIN'S NEW MINISTER.

Senor Don Emilio Ojeda, Who Succeeds the Duke of Arcos, Is Very Well Liked.

A diplomat of unusually interesting personality is very soon to take his place in the American capital, Senor Don Emilio Ojeda, the new minister from Spain.

Senor Ojeda, who succeeds a man as popular in his way as Mr. Wu, namely, the duke of Arcos, begins his American mission under the most favorable auspices. He has already secured the friendship of such representative men as Senator Frye, of Maine, and the former secretary of state, William R. Day, with whom he



SENOR DON EMILIO OJEDA.
(He Succeeds Duke of Arcos as Spanish Minister at Washington.)

was associated as secretary of the Spanish commission which met in Paris to consider the terms of peace after the Spanish-American war.

Senor Ojeda spent a few days at Washington recently, calling at the state department, though in the absence of the president he could not present his credentials. He has joined the secretary of the legation at Newport and will remain there until the secretary of state informs him that the president is ready to receive his visit. The Spanish legation has leased a home for six years, on the corner of Eighteenth street and Massachusetts avenue, so he will be spared the discomfort of house-hunting.

Senora Ojeda has a large acquaintance in Washington, and is described as a handsome and graceful matron. A daughter, who is about 20, and a son, who will be an attache of the legation, complete the household. Senorita Ojeda is said to be unusually lovely, and her advent will be warmly welcomed. The diplomatic corps at present contains but one young woman, Countess Margurite de Cassini, who has been undisputed queen. It is said that she will find a rival in the daughter of the Spanish minister.

WILL LEAVE CHICAGO.

Dr. Frank Crane, Noted Western Pulpit Orator, Accepts a Call from Worcester, Mass.

Dr. Frank Crane, who will resign the pastorate of the People's church, of Chicago, to accept a unanimous call from the Union Congregational church, of Worcester, Mass., was chosen as the most acceptable occupant of the eastern pulpit after a search that extended over two years. Dr. Crane is a native of Illinois, having been born in Urbana in 1861, and

REV. FRANK CRANE, D. D.
(Chicago Preacher Who Has Accepted a Call from the East.)

educated at the Wesleyan university in Bloomington, where he received his degrees as a master of arts and doctor of philosophy. Wesleyan university in Lincoln, Neb., afterward honored him with the degree of doctor of divinity. His career as a preacher was preceded by three years of school teaching in the backwoods and his first annual salary as a pastor amounted to $75. From his Worcester congregation he will receive nearly $9,000 for the same period.

Decorated by Fool Friends.

Two couples, who were recently married in the same house at Mount Vernon, N. Y., had all sorts of tricks played on them. Their trunks were tied with ribbons, and bore cards with these words: "We have just been married; don't bother us." Pinned to the backs of the bridegrooms, as they took seats on the train were cards stating: "We four have just been hitched for life," "We are so shy," "We love each other—yes, we do."

ATTENTION LADIES!!!

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All who are dersirous of having a beautiful suit of hair, or if your hair is falling out, you should get a bottle of Hairoline, better known as the Renowned Hair Restorer Oriental Complexion Cre m so cures all skin diseases and makes the skin like velvet. Price, 25c to 75c per bottle.

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J. H. DABNEY,
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Turned Girls' Heads.

"Do you see that tall chap, Pedro? Well, he has turned many a girl's head."

"But he is neither handsome nor rich."

"I know that."

"Then how did he turn girls' heads?"

"With his preparation. He manufactures hair bleach."—Philadelphia Record.

A Foolish Question.

Dora—Oh, I'm in such distress of mind and I want your advice. I am loved by three men, and I don't know which to accept.

Clara—Which one has the most money?

Dora—If I knew that, do you suppose I'd waste precious time running around for advice?"—N. Y. Weekly.

Under False Scent.

Cholley Tenper—Heavens! old chappie, why do you persist in cleaning your clothes with gasoline? Everybody you pass can smell the dreadful odor.

Harold Hallroom—Is that a fact?

Cholly Tenper—Certainly.

Harold Hallroom—Just imagine how many people will think I own an automobile!—Town Topics.

More Talk for Less Money.

Mrs. Crimsonbeak—They say that woman, by getting into different occupations formerly monopolized by men, are reducing the scale of wages.

Mr. Crimsonbeak—Yes; that's right; and I see now we've got women lawyers. I'm glad of that.

"Why?"

"Well, they'll charge less and talk more."—Yonkers Statesman.

Continuous Performance.

The Doctor—The boy has evidently been eating too much between meals.

The Father—Nonsense! A boy can't eat in his sleep.

The Doctor—How do you mean?

The Father—I mean that each meal of his begins when he gets up in the morning and doesn't end till he goes to bed.—Philadelphia Press.

Quite a Difference.

Mr. Wallace—It seems to me that if ever a bachelor realizes his unhappy lot it must be when he is in bed ill.

Mrs. Wallace—Yes. There is a great difference between a hired nurse and a wife. If he goes to throwing the medicine bottles and things at the nurse when she happens to hurt his rheumatism she will leave.—Tit-Bits.

He Was an Angel.

"It's easy enough," remarked the melancholy man, "to make friends, but it's hard to keep them."

"Oh, I don't know," replied the other, who was jovial and wealthy, "all my friends consider me easy and are satisfied to let me keep them."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Woes of the Collector.

"Did you get anything out of her?" asked the business manager of the collector.

"Yes, she paid me a compliment. Said she wouldn't be afraid to trust me with the money if she had it."—N. Y. Times.

Thick.

Briggs—The electric light has gone out on the other side of the hotel piazza.

Griggs—Yes, I had to elbow my way through the lovers there just now.—Life.

Apologetic.

"'Twas rude of you to treat me so,"
She spoke in accents soft and low.
I answered then: "'Twas rude, although
How much 'twas rued, I only know."
—Brooklyn Eagle.

THE WASHINGTON BEE

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WASHINGTON, D. C.

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Nothing in language is more fascinating than the shades of meaning which grow up around a word and cling to it and then gradually fall away, making room for others. No conspirator will ever plead guilty to conspiracy. Call it some more acceptable name and he will not object. Words, that is to say, have a moral character, and the invidious term is the one we repudiate with scorn. The man who prides himself on his close-fistedness would never admit that he is mean. Tell the implacable that he is resentful and he will plead guilty; hint that he is vindictive and he will slam the door behind him. One word is invidious, the other is not.—Portland Oregonian.

In Japan.

A writer, describing scenes on Japanese railways, says when a native lady enters the carriage she slips her feet from her tiny shoes, stands upon the seat, and then sits demurely with her feet doubled up beneath her. A moment later she lights a cigarette, or her little pipe, which holds just tobacco enough to produce two good whiffs of smoke. All Japanese people sit with their feet upon the seat of the car, and not as Europeans do. When the ticket collector, attired in a blue uniform, enters the carriage he removes his cap and twice bows politely. He repeats the bow as he comes to each passenger to collect the tickets from them.—N. Y. Sun.

City Items.

First class Job work done at The Bee office.

Dr. John H. Turner is doing well in his new position.

Col. W. A. Pledger will arrive in the city in a few days.

Miss Jeannette Anderson is on the convalescent list again.

Register J. W. Lyons will visit his home in Georgia in a few days.

If you want to advertise your holiday goods send to THE BEE at once.

Recorder J. C. Dancy left the city for New York on last Saturday.

Attorney James H. Hayes, of Richmond, Va., was in the city this week.

A new enterprise has opened known as The People's Association. Mr. C. H. Watson is president.

The speech of Mr. Thomas L. Jones in the Criminal Court last week was one of the most eloquent and logical speeches that has been delivered for some time.

Mrs. Martha Allison mother of Mrs. Capt. W. P. Gray of Richmond Va., is very sick in this City at the residence of her daughter No. 1117 15th st., n. w. Mrs. M. L. Davis her daughter also of Richmond is here with her.

Mr. J. Silas Johnson has moved into his new Pool Room 1721½ 7th st., n.w. He has now one of the best equipped Pool Rooms that can be found any where. Silas as he is familiarly known is now known as the black prince of the northwest. Call if you want to enjoy yourself.

The Bee last week spoke of the failure of the Capital Savings Bank and mentioned the names of a few who had lost money. Some evil designed person went to construe the article as a reflection on Attorney P. W. Frisby No one has a higher regard for Mr. Frisby than The Bee and no one has more confidence in the ability of the bank to pay all of its depositors than Attorney Frisby.

The Genial Edward.

Mr. Edward Matthews of the Philadelphia House is one of the most congenial men in the city. Ed. knows how to treat his patrons when they call. He is a fixture at the old stand. Men may come and men may go but he goes on just the same and in the same old way that is pleasing and congenial to all. He always has a pleasing smile which makes every one feel at home in his presence. Mrs. Carroll the proprietor of the Philadelphia House is a young woman of business qualities. This is one of the best and one of the most reliable houses in the city.

D. Webster Davis the Poet.

The negro question interpersed with poems selected from his own works kept those who attended the Plymouth Congregational Church Friday evening of last week, full of mirth and good humor. After a few preliminaries, Mr. Davis was introduced by Robert H. Terrell, who went far to give the proper momentum to the worth of the speaker and the occasion.

With becoming modesty Mr. Davis advanced to the front and began his talk in a cleverly set manner. He advised his people to get married and live lives of honor and credit. His virulent attack upon the house wife brought a dead silence throughout the house, assenting that he was not so far out of the way after all.

Mr. Davis, as a poet, approaches Dunbar very closely. Though deprived of the finer touches in poetic effusion, his negro seriousness and mother dialect force you in final to acknowlege that he is a poet, pure and simple.

Mrs. Maggie Wilson Smoot rendered a very pretty love song entitled "I Love You." Mr. Franklin's rendition of "Under the Sheltering Palm" was unusually fine. Refreshments were served in the basement below.

E. MURRAY,
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Ice Cream AND Confections
1800 14th Street, Northwest.
Oysters In Season

LEGAL NOTICE.

Marion T. Clinkscales, Attorney.
Supreme Court of the District of Columbia.
HOLDING A PROBATE COURT.
No. 10,934, Administration

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE:

That the subscriber, of the District of Columbia has obtained from the Probate Court of the District of Columbia, letters of administration on the estate of Henry W. Haskins late of the District of Columbia, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 25th day of October, A. D. 1903, otherwise they may by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 25th day of October 1902. Estelle R. Haskins 1629 12th street, northwest.

Attest: John R. Rouzer,
Deputy Register of Wills for the District of Columbia,
Clerk of the Probate Court.

FOR RENT—Furnished and unfurnished rooms for rent, 1602 L st. n.w.

FOR SALE—Cheap fine old violin, 630 Penn. Avenue, N. W., Upstairs.

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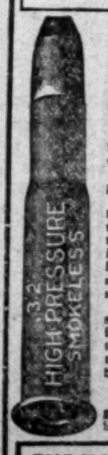

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LEE WAS TOO QUICK.

With Rifle in Hand He Won the Girl He Loved.

Unwilling Father and Brothers Forced to Be Witnesses—Romance Begins with Laugh and Ends in Marriage.

In Oregon there lived a young girl with three large strapping brothers and her father and mother. The brothers, it was current opinion in the locality, could whip their weight in grizzly bear. As they were called "chips off the old block," it was to be assumed that the father was of the same type.

In this family the daughter, Margaret Black, was regarded as the idol—also the slave. Margaret was to be worshiped so long as she obeyed. When she wanted to disobey then she was to be ruled. It was another case of Lorna Doone.

Margaret's obedience was not a matter of dispute until one day when she happened to walk farther than usual into the great woods around the Black home and lost her way. She walked and ran through the underbrush without finding a familiar path until she was a thoroughly frightened little girl. Then she woefully sat down facing the prospects of a night in the woods.

In this predicament she was found by a young man who carried a rifle under his arm. He was not lost. That was evident. He smiled when the girl confessed that she was. Of course he would take her home.

"I am Roland Lee," he said. "Why, I live within ten miles of your home."

To walk ten miles and more out of the way just to see that a pretty girl found her way home was nothing—not in Oregon.

After that the disobedience of Margaret began. It would have been something wonderful the way they managed to meet in the woods if that were not as old a way as the story itself is old.

When the three large brothers and the father who claimed Margaret discovered this they found that they had not been consulted, and that was reason enough to oppose it. They found that they did not like Roland

"I AM ROLAND LEE."

Lee. They discovered an unimaginable number of reasons why he would not do, all of which were communicated to Margaret, only to be received in the usual fashion. The more they argued the more the girl decided that he would do.

Finally the family brought matters to a crisis by locking Margaret in her room.

Lee walked about the woods for some time without finding Margaret before he learned that she was a prisoner. He also learned that he was the cause of it. Being a young man of decided convictions, upon which he was accustomed to act promoptly, he followed his usual custom in this case. He went to the nearest town and secured a minister.

"I want you to marry me," he said.

"With pleasure," said the clergyman, "but where is the bride?"

"We'll have to get her. Can you stand a long drive?"

The minister said he could. Lee got his rifle and they set out for the Black home.

Lee and his clergyman walked up to the door and knocked. The eldest brother threw open the door, revealing the whole family seated at the table. Margaret had been allowed out of the room to eat dinner, and she had been sitting silently, refusing to discuss her love affairs with her jailers.

The three large brothers and the father had threatened to thrash Lee on sight if he came near the house, and when Margaret saw him appear suddenly in the doorway she jumped from her chair, expecting to see her lover set upon by the fighting brothers and put in a condition for the undertaker.

Nothing of that sort happened. Lee was too quick for them. Before one could move, he had his rifle in position where it could be used rapidly and effectively.

"I secured a license before I spoke to you," said Lee to the clergyman. "Here it is. Now, Margaret, if you are ready. The witnesses will please keep quiet and remain standing."

Margaret came out of the house and stood before the minister, hand in hand with Lee, who used his left to keep the rifle pointed in the direction of the witnesses.

When the family got back to the house and the brothers looked at each other, suggesting a chase, the eldest said:

"What's the use. I guess he's the right stuff."

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"*CASPER'S STANDARD*" 10 Year old whiskey is a liquid joy! It is actually produced by honest Tar Heels in the Mountain Section of North Carolina by the old time process. Every drop is boiled over open furnance wood fires, in old style copper stills, in exactly the same way it was made by your grand-fathers a century ago. First rate whiskey is sold at $5 to $6 per gallon, but it is not any better than "*CASPER'S STANDARD.*" It is the best produced and must please every customer or we will buy it back with gold—we are incorporated Under the Laws of North Carolina, with an author zed capital of $100,000.00 and the Peoples National Bank and Piedmont Savings Bank of Winston-Salem, N. C., will tell you our guarantee is good. This is old honest, mild and mellow whiskey is worth one dollar a quart, but to more fuliy introduce "CASPER'S STANDARD" we offer sample shipments of this brand at half price, (packed in plain sealed boxes) 5 Quarts $2.95, 10 Quarts $5.00, Express Prepaid Anywhere in the United States. All orders and remittances (in stamps, cash or by check etc.) as well as requests for confidential price list *must be addressed as follows:*
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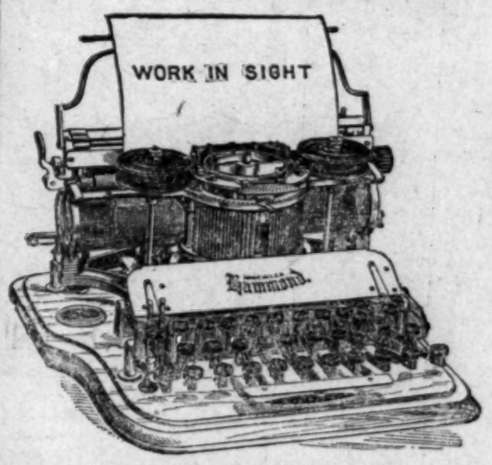

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The Hammond Typewriter Co. 521 NINTH STREET, N. W. Washington, D. C.

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